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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS

TO CHILDREN.

BY
REV. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG,



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P R E F A C E.

IN 1862 I was stationed at Hector, N. Y. At that time I had been a pastor for eight years, and had never preached directly to children. At a Preachers' Meeting held in the village of Burdette, N. Y., that year, our presiding elder, the late A. C. George, D.D., urged on his preachers this duty. A remark of mine brought from Brother George a deserved rebuke, which did not please me at the time. I honestly thought that it would be impossible for me to preach to children; but after that meeting I resolved to try. I made blundering work of it for a year, but improved some. Next year a Preachers' Meeting was held on my charge, and the children were addressed by one of the ministers. He edified and pleased both young and old. It was pronounced by all to be the best part of the meeting. It gave me new courage, and I resolved to be a workman among children.

I studied them at their homes and in the streets, at school and picnics, in their troubles, however small, as well as their joys. I began to gather material of thought and incident until it grew to be a larger volume than I could use.

Eight years ago I was impressed with two facts : First, the Sabbath-school, where the understanding is reached more than the heart, is becoming divorced from the Church, as far as the children are concerned. How can I get the children to church? I decided that every Sabbath I would preach a five-minute sermon to the children. It succeeded, and soon two thirds of the children of my people attended church every Sabbath morning. Second, I found that a thirty-minute sermon was too long for children. Their minds could not follow a long train of reasoning. One thing at a time is all they want. The five-minute sermons met this state of mind.

I was happy in my work. I captured the children. All of them loved, not one was afraid of, the minister. I taught them some things; they taught me some things. I succeeded better with the people. I did not neglect to reach them in the ordinary ways, but gained their hearts greatly through the children and the five-minute sermons.

There were many things that I wanted to say to my people that I could say best in the children's sermons—truths which provoked the smile, but also touched the heart. These shots over the children, I am satisfied, did a great deal of good. With prudence and care the cartridge was prepared beforehand, and I never knew one of them to rebound and do damage.

I preached the Gospel to children. Occasionally the subject would be lessons from the stars or flowers, etc. ; but I aimed at less of this and more of the simple Gospel. It had a better effect both on children and adults. I preached to children as sinners who needed a Saviour and preparation for heaven. Children, who have more tender consciences than older people, feel this, and know that their sins must be forgiven.

When Jesus put the child in the midst of his disciples as a pattern, it was "a *little* child," just beginning to talk, without guile, trusting, believing. The saddest hour in a child's life is that in which it realizes that falsity is in the world, and all things are not to be believed. But children to whom you preach are, or were, sinners, and need to hear the glad tidings to sinners lost.

I prepared my children's sermons, and announced the subject the previous Sabbath. A man should never talk to children without preparation. A blunder with older people may be rectified ; a blunder with children is worse than a lost opportunity.

I did not talk baby-talk, but good English ; perhaps mostly stiff Anglo-Saxon. There is nothing that children despise more, after the age of six or seven, than baby-talk ; and if mothers would use it less before that age it would be better for the children. I did not seek a polished style. My sentences were short and crisp. Children dislike many words ; the

point must be made quickly and strongly, even at the expense of rhetoric. Long sentences with the verb at a great distance may be beautiful, but children will lose both the beauty and the force. The approaches must be very short, and the truth have a bold outline, if they are to see it; even the anecdotes must not be given as you find them in the books or newspapers, but cut down and shorn of much verbiage.

These sermons are given as samples for preachers rather than for children. May many of them be led to preach to children five-minute sermons! They will at first find it hard work. There will be indifference in children and in parents, discouragement arising from habits, change of language and thought; but if they persevere, great good will come to them, to the children, and to the Church.

Illustration is a necessity in all preaching (witness that of Christ), but especially in preaching to children. We all love pictures, but children love them most, and an illustration is a word-picture. An object-sermon, if short and pointed, has a fine effect.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

CANTON, PA.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

SERMON I.

A MAGNET.

“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.”—JOHN xii, 32.

THAT does not mean that every body will be saved. See [showing them a magnet with a piece of iron on the desk], this magnet is drawing this piece of iron, but the great world is also drawing it; and the world's drawing is so great that the magnet can only raise one end. It is just so when Christ draws hearts; the world draws also, and so there are many who feel the drawing of Christ and don't come to him.

Christ is drawing every body and trying to save them. He is drawing the old people that are not Christians; but many other things are drawing them, and have been drawing them so long that few of them come. Even when they do come to Christ, their old habits and ways still draw them, and they drop away just like this [taking up a heavy nail on a small magnet and shaking it off]. The middle-aged, when drawn to Christ, hold on better. They have not sinned as long as those that are older, but long enough to make it hard to give it up, and the old habits keep drawing them away so that they

drop off easily [illustrating this by taking up a number eight nail on a small magnet and shaking it off].

The young, when they come to Christ, hold on well; they have not so many bad habits, and soon get into the habits of piety and goodness. But the bad which they have done draws them. They hold on to Christ just like these shingle nails [shaking off shingle nails from the magnet with difficulty]; it takes a good deal to shake them off from Christ.

This tells how it is with children when they are drawn to Christ; they hold on [holding up the magnet with a number of sprig nails attached and shaking it]; you cannot shake them off.* God bless the children, the Church's hope. Children, Christ is drawing you now; will you come to him? He promises to receive you and keep you and take you to heaven.

SERMON II.

EVERY BODY A MAGNET.

"He findeth his own brother Simon. . . . And he brought him to Jesus."—JOHN i, 41, 42.

CHILDREN, you know what a magnet is. This is one [holding it up]. We saw last Sabbath that it draws things. Whenever any thing is drawn by a magnet it becomes a kind of magnet itself; it partakes of the

* Mr. Spurgeon testifies that, among the many children converted under his ministry, but few ever give up being Christians.

nature of the magnet. My pen-knife, you see [putting the knife on to some sprig nails], does not draw, for it was never near a magnet. But now see it [after rubbing the knife-blade smartly on the face of the magnet and picking up the sprigs with it]. It has got the nature of the magnet in it and draws things. Last Sabbath we learned that Christ on the cross draws us to himself. Every body that comes to Christ becomes like him, partakes of his nature, and draws others. He becomes a magnet, and draws others. In our text, just as soon as Andrew comes to Christ he begins to think of how he can draw others to him; so he goes first to find his brother and brings him. A boy once talked to others about Christ; they all agreed to meet each Saturday evening and talk about and pray to him. Almost all of them became Christians. I was one of those boys. Not only did they become Christians, but one third of them are now ministers of the Gospel. O children! if you will only let Christ's love touch your hearts and draw you, you will all become magnets, to draw others to him and children to the church and Sabbath-school and children's meetings.

SERMON III.**SNAKE BITES.**

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."—JOHN iii, 14, 15.

DID you ever see a snake, children? Up hands. In Pennsylvania I used to see rattlesnakes. They had in their mouth two fangs, just like a cat's claw. The snake curls up like a coil of small rope, and if any one disturbs it, or gets near enough, it springs and strikes its fangs into him; then it feels as if twenty wasps had stung him at once; the place swells up, and sometimes he dies. There is a snake in India, called a cobra, that crawls into houses, and every one that it bites dies. A soldier was put into the guard-house in India for doing wrong. He woke up during the night and felt a snake crawling over him. He knew that it was a cobra, and that to move would be death. That was a terrible night to him. In the text, sin is brought before us as a serpent (snake). The people of Israel had sinned and become very wicked. Because of their sins serpents came among them, whose bite was like fire. Every time a person was bitten he died. They cried to God for mercy, and he who hears all our prayers told Moses to make a serpent of brass, put it on a pole, and every one that looked to it would live.

As I have said, sin is just like a snake bite; it brings pain and eternal death. We have all sinned. Children

have sinned less than older people, but most of you feel that you have sinned. What is to be done? The text says, God loved us and sent Christ to save us. He was lifted up on the cross; and when we feel that we are sinners, if we think of him on the cross and believe that he died for our sins, we will be saved; for whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life. Let all these little hearts love him, as in their minds they look up at him on the cross.

SERMON IV.

SNAKE BITES.

A TEMPERANCE OBJECT SERMON.

“Look not on the wine when it is red. . . . At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”—PROV. xxiii, 31, 32.

It is a great thing to be children—to have life all before us, with the opportunity to begin right. Most of the children want to be big, like men and women; but many of the old folks want to be children again. Most drunkards think, “If I were only a child again, I would never drink a drop.” They feel that it is hard to give it up, and that now it biteth like a serpent.

Last Sabbath the sermon was about serpents in the wilderness; to-day it will be about serpents in strong drink. The eggs of the serpents are in every glass of whisky, or beer, or any other strong drink. I mean by that, the effect of drinking these is like the hatching

out of serpents' eggs in the heart, soul, and life of men. When men drink, these eggs hatch out and poison the life. After a man drinks a long time, the heart and soul and head get so full of these liquor snakes that he has delirium tremens, and thinks he sees them in his boots and crawling round him. I at one time sat up all night and helped to hold a young man who thought he saw these snakes. He would cry out, "There they are! don't you see them crawl and hear them hiss?" God save these children from strong drink, which "biteth like a serpent!"

How can we keep these snakes out of our hearts and lives? By never tasting whisky nor beer. The eggs are harmless until they are hatched, and they don't hatch until you drink the strong drink. Now I wish to illustrate how the eggs are hatched. This is called a serpent's egg [holding up a little white Pharaoh serpent egg]; not a real, but an imitation serpent. I wish the serpents of strong drink were as harmless [applying a lighted match to several]. See how they hatch out and crawl! But they don't bite and sting like the liquor snakes. "Look not upon the wine," etc. God save the children from strong drink!

SERMON V.**A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.****A SPRING SERMON.**

"It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."—ISA. xxxv, 2.

WHAT a beautiful world is this to the most of children! The spring has come, and every thing that grows has put on its Sunday clothes. The peach-trees come first, all dressed up with beauty; then the pear-trees, and, more gorgeous still, the apple-trees make us happy with beauty and fragrance; but the dandelions are just as if the stars, so beautiful above, had all come down to earth to tell us that God and heaven are beautiful. The world smiles as the sun peeps out from behind a cloud and chases the shadows across the fields. Did you ever see it shine on the lake or river? The water is all smiles until a little breeze comes along and covers it all over with ripples of laughter. The world not only smiles and laughs in its gladness, but sings also. The beautiful birds were singing this morning, and the bees are singing, and the insects are humming. If you had never seen the world, and were brought here just now, you would say, "What a beautiful world God has given to men!" A little girl lost her eyesight before she could remember. When she became a young lady she used to ask, "Mother, how do you look? How does the grass look that feels so soft? How do the flowers look that smell so sweetly? How do the trees

look? How does the sun look that feels so warm?" When over twenty years of age, a successful operation on her eyes was performed. After many days in a dark room the blinds were thrown open, and she was allowed to look out. "O, how beautiful the trees are, and the hills, and the grass, and the sky, and the sun! Heaven cannot be more beautiful. Surely God is here;" and then she poured out her heart in thanksgiving. This beautiful world was given us by our Father in heaven. Let us thank him to-day.

"Did you ever think how pleasant
All the fields and woods appear
When the blooming spring is present,
And when summer still is here?

"Did you know God's goodness did it
When he set the starry skies;
When he made the sun, and bid it
O'er the eastern hills arise?

"Did you know he thought of childhood
When he made the flowers gay;
When he filled the shady wild-wood
With the songsters of the day;

"When he set the streams to flowing
Down the hill-side, through the plains;
When he made the sunlight glowing;
When he sent the fruitful rains?"

SERMON VI.

FACE STRINGS; OR, HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.

A LESSON FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

“They have made their faces harder than a rock; they have refused to return.”—JER. iii, 5.

EVERY body wants to be beautiful in this beautiful world. Much time and money is spent every year to create beauty, which only lasts a day. God has another way. Girls, did you ever try to make a gutta-percha doll seem to laugh and cry, to look sober and funny? You can do all that by the way you pinch its face. Try it at home. It will amuse you; and, while you do it, think of this sermon. Children’s faces are softer than these doll faces. They are full of little strings called muscles. These pull the face just as we feel. If we are happy, they pull the face into laughter or smiles; if sorrowful, the strings make the face look sad; but if you are cross and angry, how they do pull! Were you ever angry? Did you then look in the looking-glass? You would not want to look like that all the time. A week ago I saw two boys fighting, and the little strings made their faces look very bad. Pride and vanity, envy and mischief, all pull the face strings in their way, and all of these make the face ugly and bad looking. But goodness, and gentleness, and kindness, and love to God and men, also pull, and make the face beautiful, like an angel’s face.

Every time these face strings pull they get a little stiffer, until at last the face settles down to the way that it is oftenest pulled. In 2 Kings xix, 30, we read that Jezebel painted her face. She had been very wicked, and the strings got stiff, and now she looked ugly, and tried to cover it over with paint. If you want to look like Jezebel, feel and act like her; but if you want to look angelic, you must feel and do as the angels feel and do. Children, if you want faces that every body will love, don't let the bad get hold of the face strings, but let goodness, love, and gentleness control them.

SERMON VII.

L I G H T - H O U S E S .

"Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."—PSA. cxix, 105.

How many of these children have seen a light-house? Up hands. On the sea-shore and along the great lakes are round houses, and the top of them is all glass, with great lamps, far larger than the head-lights of the railroad engine. These lamps lighten the waters for miles, and sailors by them know where they are, and how they may get into the harbor. These lights differ from each other: one is white, one red, one flashes so often, etc. By this means the sailors, looking on their books, are able to tell just where they are. These lighthouses are lights to the path of ships, and guide

them. Just so the Bible—"thy word"—is a light to show us the path to walk in—the right things to do and say and think.

A light-house keeper was asked, "What if you did not light the lamp to-night?" He looked frightened. "That could not be," he answered. "But, what if you did not light it?" He answered, "To-morrow we would have news from the islands and the coast of vessels sailing they knew not where, and of ships wrecked and lives lost." So, children, if the Bible light were taken away men would not know how to live, or how to go to heaven, and would lose their souls.

There used to be bad men living on some of the coasts of Europe, who would put up false lights on stormy nights, and sailors trusting them would try to come into the harbor, but, misguided by the false lights, would run on to the rocks; then these bad men, called wreckers, would rob them of their cargo and money. So men try to put up false lights in place of the Bible, to lead us from the path of life and destroy our souls. Let God's word be a lamp to our path. Follow it, and we will get to heaven.

SERMON VIII.**CONVERTING SINNERS.****STORIES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS, POINTING TO THE BIG FOLKS.**

"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death."—JAMES v, 20.

CHILDREN, did you ever play "preacher?" I did when a very small boy, and was more than half in earnest. Well, you can all be preachers, for a preacher is one who urges people to give up sinning, and shows them the way to heaven through Jesus Christ.

A boy who had given his heart to God joined the Church. Next day at school recess some boys cried, "O, see the boy Christian!" This boy did not get angry and call them names, but, looking them in the face, he said, "Yes, boys, I am trying to be a Christian. Isn't that right?" They knew he was right. That was good preaching; every boy felt it, and respected him.

A little girl was converted, and was so happy that she wanted to tell every body. She ran over to a shoemaker's shop that was across the street from where she lived, and began, child way, to tell him that he must die, and that he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner, but Christ had died for her and for him, and that God heard her mother's prayers and her prayers, and had forgiven all her sins. "And now," she said,

"I am so happy that I don't know how to tell it." That was a great and good sermon in a few words.

The shoemaker was surprised at first, but as she talked he began to weep and seek for mercy. The whole neighborhood was awakened, and over fifty became Christians.

If I had time I would tell you of other little preachers. I want all the children to help me to preach, by being good and loving Christ for his great love to you, and then, if you will tell others, that will help me very much.

"Jesus bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

SERMON IX.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—ZECH. viii, 5.

How often we think of the time when we were boys! We cannot enter into all the feelings we had at that time. Boys have so much of life in them that it is running over all the time. We don't always under-

stand them, nor do they understand themselves. They want to do something all the time, but, for lack of thought and experience, they make many blunders. "Be still, James, for the next hour," said a mother. "I can't keep still, mother; I must get the laugh and noise out of me," was his answer. God wants this kind of boys as well as the quiet ones. I am sure Paul, when a boy, was full of life. God did not want to take the life out of him, and make him dull and quiet and weak, but he turned all the activity into good. So he wants to turn all this noise and life in boys into good and noble lives of men, just as we turn the stream into the mill-race, that its force and power may turn the mill machinery.

A number of boys were coasting with their sleds. One of them ran against a man who, in anger, asked, "What are you boys good for?" One little boy looked up, and answered, "We are good to make men of, sir." God wants to make men of us—of our bodies, of our minds, and of our souls.

God wants the worst of boys. A boy was caught stealing. As the policeman was taking him away, he cried, "Don't lock me up! I never had any one to tell me how to be good." God wants even such boys. Many a bad boy has learned to love him, and has become good and great.

Johnnie W. came to see me in 1881. He said, "I feel that I am very bad, but I want to give my heart to God." We knelt down together, and Johnnie became a Christian. He was only ten years of age, and his

aunt did not think best to have him join the Church, but every week he spoke in children's meeting. At the end of the year I took Johnnie into the Church, where he is still active and faithful.

"God wants the happy-hearted boys,
The stirring boys, the best of boys,
The worst of boys!
He wants them soldiers of his cross,
Brave to defend his righteous cause,
And so uphold his sacred laws;
That good and true
The world may be,
Redeemed from sin
And misery.
God wants the boys!"

SERMON X.

GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

"Both young men and maidens; old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord."—PSA. cxlviii, 12, 13.

GIRLS, you ought to praise God, because you live where the Bible is loved. Christ and his religion have done a great deal for girls. In India they are slaves, and not allowed to eat with the boys; and in all lands where there is no Bible girls have a hard, unhappy life. God wants the girls, to make them like angels, beautiful and good and true. Every body likes good girls, but God loves even the bad ones. He does not

love the bad that is in them, but the good that they may become.

A little girl who attended school was so bad and cross that they called her "snapping-turtle." Did you ever see a snapping-turtle? It snaps at every thing, just as some children do. They snap at father and mother, sisters and brothers, even at the sweet baby. Nobody wanted to play with this girl, or wanted her to visit them. But God wanted even her; and when at last she saw how bad she was, and came to him, he made her good and loving. He wants the worst girls as well as the best.

A girl of eleven years of age was so bad that often her grandmother wept. New Year's, 1881, her grandmother peeped into Mary's diary, and read, with delight, "I will give my heart to God this year." She kept her promise, for in April I knelt with her and others at the altar, when she became a Christian.

“God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls!
He wants to make the girls his pearls,
And to reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace;
That beautiful
The world may be
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls!”

SERMON XI.**CHILDREN'S CHURCH.**

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake."—1 JOHN ii, 12.

CHILDREN want to do every thing that old folks do. They learn to do the bad things that they see done around them. Boys learn to smoke, thinking it makes them like men. That is a mistake, boys. Older people that smoke are the less men, and the more slaves because they do so. Girls play "make believe," for they see older girls and women practicing "make believe."

But children want to do good things when they see them done. Girls play housekeeping just like mother, and great good enters by this way into their lives. Sometimes, not often, boys and girls play church. I would rather you would not do that. The church is a very sacred thing, and ought not to enter into our plays.

But why not have a children's church, a real children's church, where the little ones would grow up good Christians—just as little trees grow in the nursery all together until they are large enough to be transplanted into the orchard? Our Discipline provides for this very thing, in paragraph 52, and no church should be without this children's church. The word "church" means a congregation. Five boys, one summer day, talked about God and sin and heaven. They

all wanted to go to heaven, so they agreed to meet after supper, once a week, in a piece of woods on the banks of the river Clyde, and read the Bible and pray. One of them is talking to you now. When the days got short they met in an old school-house, where others joined them, until they numbered about twenty-five. Nearly all of them became Christians, and about one third of them ministers. That was a boys' church, whether called so or not.

One day last autumn I was shown a good-sized apple in a bottle whose neck was not quarter as large as the apple. How did it get there? When the apple was small the bottle was tied to a branch, and the small apple put in at the neck. All summer it grew up into the bottle, larger and larger. So we want children to grow up into the Church; and when they get large the habits of piety will have so grown in them that, like the apple in the bottle, they cannot, because they don't wish to, get out of the Church.

RESOLUTIONS FOR 18—.

I will obey my parents.

I will be kind to brothers, sisters, and others.

I will speak pleasantly to every one.

I will learn and study the golden text every Sunday.

I will ask Jesus every day to help me to love him, and be a credit to the children's church.

SERMON XII.

THE THIEF IN THE HOUSE.

"Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul."—PROV. xxix, 24.

IN the Bible the heart is often spoken of as the soul, or the house the soul lives in. It is made up of all the feelings, loves, and hates; and whatever we love we take into the heart, and so become a partner with it. Do any of you children take a thief into the heart? We have locks on houses to keep thieves out, for in the house there are many things to steal. What would you think of a man who would bring home a thief and make a partner of him when he knew that he would steal, the first chance he had? "Nobody would do that," says a little boy. Are you sure that nobody does it?

I knew a boy about four years old. He was a good boy, and seemed to love the good. About four years afterward I saw him again, and found that he had become quite a bad boy. I said a thief had been in the heart and had stolen his goodness. That thief was sin, and he himself let him in.

A man once felt that he was not on the way to heaven, and that he ought to lead a new life. But Jesus could not come into the heart unless the thief, sin, was turned out. The man was a partner with the thief, and would not turn him out. Some want both Christ and the thief in the heart, but Christ will not be a partner with the thief, sin.

The text says, such a one "hateth his own soul." A thief that robs a man and his family ought to be turned out, and he that does not turn him out is no friend to his family or himself. What would you do with a thief in the house? "Turn him out," says that boy. That is it, turn out the thief from the heart; don't be a partner with him. Christ will help you to turn him out, and will come into his place and live with you. Let all my hearers know that sin is a thief in the house. Dissolve the partnership, and turn him out. Will you do this?

"I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within;
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin."

SERMON XIII.

MODELS.

"Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample."—PHIL. iii, 17.

CHILDREN, do you know what a model is? A pattern, says a girl. That is it—something set before us to make some other thing like it. A model boy or girl is one that we should try to be like. Painters that paint fine pictures have persons who sit before them many hours as models, that they may be able to make the picture just like them.

We have all models that have much to do in shaping

our life. Some think a thing is right if others do it; and when a thing is so generally done that we say "They all do it," that often settles the matter. That should not settle it unless in "They all" we include Jesus Christ, who is a model that never leads astray.

Carrie was six years old and quite a model of propriety; but one day she did something that made her mother exclaim, "Carrie, how could you do such a thing!" "Other little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But does that make it right?" asked her mother. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, "but it makes it a good deal more comf'able." What comfort our models give us when we are bad, and feel that we are no worse than they! That does not help us with God, and not often with men.

Children, follow the best models of men and women and boys and girls. In our text Paul offers himself as a model. He is a grand one to follow. He seemed to care for nothing but God and Christ, and how to make men like Christ. Nobody ever gets much better than the models, so be careful what they are. If you should put up Tom A. as a model, because he smokes and drinks and swears, you will become like him; but if you put up some one that is good and noble, you will become like him.

You may be models to some others—to those boys and girls that play with you; to little brother and sister. Just think of being a model. How careful you ought to be of all you say and do. A boy walking

through the deep snow behind his father cried, "Papa, I am putting my feet right where yours were." Some one may be trying to put his feet where ours are; so let us be sure that our feet are in the right place.

SERMON XIV.

RAILROAD LAMPS.

A SEQUEL TO SERMON VII.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—
PSA. cxix, 105.

CHILDREN, why do we carry a lantern at night? To give us light. Do we carry it high up, on our head? No, we want it near the ground, so that it may be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path—to keep us out of the ditches and from the fences, and show us the way. The Bible is God's word, and our text, speaking of him, says, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet." It was given so as to show where the soul should walk, and to keep it from danger. Did you ever see the head-light on the railroad engine? It flashes its light ahead on the rail track, so that the engineer sees whether the road is all right or not. So the Bible flashes its light ahead on the road of life that we may see the dangers.

At the depot you see on posts different kind of lamps. There are lamps with white light, green light, and red light. One night, traveling in Pennsylvania, the train stopped at a small station over an hour. One man grew

impatient, and stepping out of the car said to the conductor, "Why don't you go on?" "Do you see that red light at the depot?" said the conductor; "that means danger ahead. I dare not pass that; if I did there would be a wreck." How often in our lives does the Bible hang out the red light—danger ahead. It tells us of the enemies of the soul that are trying to deceive and destroy it. It tells us that some things lead to destruction. It is ever watching and warning. O, watch when the red light shines. The red light says, "Stop the train—don't go on." So when boys get into bad company, go to the saloon, begin to cheat, use bad words, stop going to church, the Bible hangs out the red lamp and says, "*Stop!*" When girls get vain, dressy, giddy, the Bible says, "Danger!" Watch its signals.

The green light at the depot says, "Caution, more slowly, be careful." So the Bible often hangs out the green light so that we may not be hasty, but examine things. It tells us to try the things, to see whether they are right or not. Boys and girls are often hasty; they jump at things, when if they were more cautious they would see a wolf under the sheep's skin, and danger. "Take heed to thyself" and to every thing around you.

The white light at the depot says, "All right on the road; go ahead." So when we are on the road to heaven and doing right and thinking right, the Bible says, "Go ahead." Watch the Bible lights and do as they direct.

SERMON XV.**FORESIGHT AND HINDSIGHT****A TEMPERANCE SERMON.**

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."—PROV. xxii, 3.

CHILDREN, did you ever see an animal with his eyes nearly behind? The hare in England and Scotland has its eyes so far back that it will often come quite near to you in front before it sees you. The hare is a very fast runner, but not so good a fighter; its safety is in running away from danger, while its enemies are all behind it. When I was a boy in Scotland, the rich people used to gather near a high hill, called Dechmont, and hunt the hare with fast running greyhounds. Two of the hounds would be fastened on a leash, and when the hare was found the men would slip the leash and the hounds would run after the hare, side by side, just like a team of horses. The hare would watch with its eyes partly behind, and when the hounds got too near would dodge and try to escape. The hare needs hindsight, for its enemies are behind. Have boys and girls eyes behind? *Their* enemies and dangers are all ahead, and, as the text says, they need prudence and foresight. If they had eyes behind, these would not help them; for this great life on which they are entering is full of danger ahead. One of the greatest dangers is the saloon and strong drink. Did you ever see a drunkard in the

ditch? If he had had foresight, do you think he would ever have come to that? He did not become so at once. It took him a good while, just as it takes you a good while to learn every thing at school. If he had used foresight, and seen himself in the gutter, he would not have tasted the drink. He often uses hindsight now, and looks back to the time when he was a promising boy, but that does not help him. Boys and girls, look ahead to what whiskey, tobacco, and beer will do. Never touch them, for they are dangerous. Try all you can to keep others from touching them. God has put your eyes in your forehead that you may look ahead. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself."

SERMON XVI.

AIRY CASTLES.

"Now Haman thought in his heart, to whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?"—ESTHER vi, 6.

CHILDREN, what is a castle? You have seen pictures of them. It is a fine building, sometimes used by a prince or nobleman to live in, but in old times always used as a fort; and so it always has turrets or small towers on it. Because it was used as a fort, it was generally built on a lofty place, so that some of them looked like airy castles. An airy castle is one built on our vain wishes, and, having no foundation, it breaks up like a soap bubble.

In our text Haman builds an airy castle. He built another airy castle in the chapter before this, when Queen Esther invited him to a feast, and he thought it was a special honor given to him, above all other men; while good Queen Esther felt that he was an enemy, and feared him.

When a little girl dreams, with her eyes open, of having a fine house and a great many fine dresses, plenty of money and carriages, servants waiting on her, and people admiring her, that is an airy castle; it has no foundations. When a boy dreams of great riches, power, and glory, of every body thinking of him, and wishing to be like him, that is an airy castle.

These castles always tumble down. Notwithstanding this, a great many spend much time building and rebuilding them. The vain boy and girl build them, and with them cultivate their vanity; the lazy boy and girl build them, and increase their indolence; most young people work a good deal at castle building.

When you read story books don't think you are just like the folks that you read about in them. You may be, but others are likely to know best. A little girl said, "O, mamma, there is just the loveliest story in this book! It is about a little girl; her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and kept house for her father. Now I am as old as she was, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I

know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly. Wont you please to go, mamma?" Emma got a chance; but the tea was overdrawn, and the toast got burned when she ran to the gate to hear a hand-organ, and all the rooms got dusty, and Emma wished mother home; her airy castle had tumbled down.

Now, girls, life is a real thing that you must all prepare for. Better work and read useful books than build castles that will tumble down. Think of life as stretching on for many years, and, after death, into the great eternity; and build well in diligent work, usefulness, and trust in God and his Christ, who is our life and hope.

SERMON XVII.

GIFTS.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."—**MATT. xi, 11.**

THIS Christmas Sabbath is the children's day—a day of gifts and happiness to them. God wants us all to be happy to-day, and think how good he has been to us in sending the child Jesus into the world. I wish these children would all write me a letter and tell me of all the gifts you had this morning. There were dolls and books, chromos and drums, sleighs and whistles, harps, nuts, candies, etc. Will you ever get tired of them? Every time you look at them think that hundreds of

years ago God so loved us that he came down from heaven, and was born a little child, that he might show us how to live, how to suffer; and that he died for us.

Nobody seemed to care for the little babe; he had no better place to sleep in than a manger in a stable. These men that the text speaks of came a long distance, and knew that the babe was a great king; but others did not know and did not care, just as they do not care about Christ now. These men had come a long distance to see him, and when they saw, they worshiped him and gave him gifts. We can't worship Christ without our hearts are open to give him gifts; all worship, if the heart is not ready to give to him, is "make believe."

Every year, on this day, we give gifts to the children who represent the Christ-child. How we ought to love him and thank him for all the gifts we get! and if these children represent that child, should they not be like him? But, children, he is your King—King of the children, because he was himself a child. Have you any gifts for your King out of all your treasures? All these gifts came to you this morning because Christ was born.

A little boy was asked, "Among all your toys, that came because Christ was a babe, how many will you give to him?" The boy did not love Christ, and was selfish; and so, gathering all his toys together, he answered, "I will give him my old Jew's-harp with the tongue broken." Do you think that was a worthy gift to give

to a King? Some old people, as well as children, give him just such gifts.

A little girl, who loved the Christ-king, said, "I will give him my best doll, for he is good to me." That was a grand good gift. Give him our best things. The Christ-child should have our best things, for all our good things come through him. He doesn't want our poor, cast-off things, but our best things; the best thing that we can give him, and that which he will think the most of, is our hearts.

"God rest you, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night."

SERMON XVIII.

SOWING AND REAPING.

AN EASTER SERMON.

"But God giveth it a body as it pleaseth him, and to every seed its own body."—1 COR. xv, 38.

CHILDREN, this morning I went into the cemetery, and read the words that people had put on the beautiful stones. The cemetery is not the place of the dead, for almost every stone told about their living; only most of them told us that those buried there were sleeping, or resting. Let me read some of them to you. On one it says, "Not dead, but sleeping." That is true; they sleep a long sleep, but they will awake again. Another said, "Angels watch her soft repose;" and so they do, until God calls. Again, "He giveth his be-

loved sleep;" after a life full of work, and trouble, that is good in God. Another, "I wait patiently for the Lord;" and he will come to make our body like his own body in heaven. Again, "Sleeping in Jesus;" that is a sweet thought. Another, "He has gone to another country." When I was a young man I came to a better country; so this stone represents the soul as having left this world, where there is so much of trouble, for a better country. I wish you would read these things in the cemetery, so as to feel how much faith there is in the land.

The word "cemetery" means "a sleeping-chamber;" just resting after toil and trouble, but to wake again, strong and refreshed. Our text teaches that we will rise again, just like waking out of sleep. When I lived in Pultneyville I lived in a very old, worn-out house. I moved out of it, and it was pulled down, but on the same spot was built this beautiful house [showing the picture of a fine parsonage]. Then I moved back again, and was happy in my new home, where the rain and storm could not reach me as it did in the old one. The body is the house in which the soul lives. The soul moves out of the house at death, after which the house goes to pieces in the grave; but in the resurrection, at the last day, God will give us back this house of the soul improved, just as at harvest-time he gives to each grain its own body.

This morning we see the resurrection of the grass and flowers, and this, with hope in our hearts, makes us happy.

Just what is sown will grow, whether it be sown in our lives by doing, thinking, and feeling, or in the ground by sowing. God wants you to promise this beautiful Easter morning to sow good seed in your lives, that the harvest may be full of good and fragrant things.

SERMON XIX.

CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT.

“Walk as children of the light.”—EPH. v, 8.

WHAT a beautiful thought that God’s children are called “children of the light.” Almost every thing that we love loves the light. How sweetly the birds sing when the morning light comes, and the bees hum and gather honey, and the flowers open and grow toward the light, and every thing lives in the light! What light we will have in heaven, sweet and radiant light, with no night there!

Children, do you love the light? People don’t want the light when they are doing wrong. Some men broke into a store not long ago. They might have gone into the store in the light, and honestly bought what they wanted; but they wanted to steal, and so came at midnight. The tiger in the jungle prowls at night seeking to destroy. Boys, why do they have a screen before the door of saloons? Those who go in there are children of darkness, and don’t want you to see them drinking.

God is called the light, and Jesus is the light of the world. When his light—his love—comes into our hearts it shows us how wicked we are, and then it melts our hearts, and, forgiving our sins, shows us how good and kind he is.

A king had a wondrous harp. It never played except when the sun shone on it; then it would give out beautiful music. So, when God's light shines into our hearts we praise him.

As the light makes the flowers, birds, and bees happy, so the children of the light try to make every one happy. A little girl saw an old drunken man lying on a door-step and a crowd of children making fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then, looking pitifully at the rest of the children, said: "O don't hurt him! he is somebody's grandpa." She was one of the children of the light.

Children of the light mind God. Do you do that, children? A little boy who was trying to be a Christian, but, like many older, was not always satisfied with himself, said, "I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me. He looks so pleased to mind, and I don't." "Walk as children of the light."

SERMON XX.

THE SNOW.

“He saith to the snow, be thou on the earth.”—JOB xxxvii, 6.

THE snow has come again. “How beautiful it was, falling so silently all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead!”—*Longfellow*. Some boys would rather see the snow than the flowers. It makes the young blood move more rapidly, while the sleds and coasting are grand things. Yesterday morning one of the little boys—they all love me—said, “Mr. A., jump on.” I like to have boys talk to me, and this did not make me feel my dignity. In a moment I was a child again, and felt like jumping on.

Some time I will tell you where the snow comes from and how it is made.

In the Bible the great God talks to men about their sinful hearts, and asks them to cease to do evil and learn to do well. He does not stamp upon them, but he comes down to them as if they were his companions. “Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” Just think, children, of God talking to sinful boys and girls in that way. How can we help loving him?

Is there any thing whiter than the snow? Perhaps the sun is; but would we not think it enough if God

should change the color of our sins from scarlet to the whiteness of snow?

In Psa. li, 7, a very sinful man is crying to God for mercy. He so much hates his sin, which he says is ever before him, that he asks God to wash him, and then he will be *whiter* than the snow.

A little girl one day was playing in the fresh snow. When she came in she said, "Mamma, I could not help praying when I was playing." "What did you pray, my dear?" "I prayed the snow prayer which I learned at Sabbath-school: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'" How does God wash us? Of those who get to heaven it is said: "They . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

SERMON XXI

ELDER BROTHER.

"The first born among many brethren."—ROM. viii, 29.

CHILDREN, what a good thing it is to have an elder brother, and what a wonderful thing to think that Christ wants to be the "Elder Brother" of every boy and girl here. An elder brother is likely to be strong, so that he can take your part and keep others from

harming you. When I was a little boy I had a brother seven years older than I was. I felt that he was strong, and found that he was always ready to help his little brother. If any one quarreled with me he took my part; he carried me when I was tired, and brought me playthings to play with. O! I loved my elder brother, for he was so good and kind. I loved him because he first loved me. But how much better is Christ as our elder brother! How strong he is! He was strong enough to overcome the world, for he says: "Fear not, I have overcome the world." That means, I will help you and be with you, and we, both together, will be enough for the world with all its temptations. He was strong enough to deliver us from Satan and from our sins, and when we are his we are safe.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast."

Our elder brother is wiser than we are. He knows all the hard places and how to get over them. At school he has studied all the hard things that we are studying, and he helps us with them. So Christ was tried on all points, and was found to be wise and perfect, so that he could know how to help his younger brethren. Heb. ii, 10, 11.

Jesus Christ was the *only* begotten Son of his Father. He is just what a Son of God should be—like his Father; and all the boys and girls that he can make like himself he takes into the family, and when they die he takes them home with him to his Father's house.

Some little boys had met on a dark winter evening in Scotland. They spent the evening in telling stories of witches and brownies and ghosts and kelpies. I am sorry to say that they believed them all. At last Davie, which was the name of one of them, said he must go home. The rain was falling fast, and it was so dark that nothing could be seen. Every time Davie looked out he thought he saw some of the things he had heard about during the evening, and he would run back sobbing as if his heart was breaking. At last a light was seen coming, which only alarmed Davie the more, for he thought perhaps it was one of the things he had heard about. But a voice was heard calling through the darkness, Davie! Davie! How bright the boy's face got as, wiping the tears from his eyes, he turned and said, "I am not afraid now, my elder brother has come to take me home." So, children, when we come to the dark valley of death, we will hear our Elder Brother, Christ, calling us by name, and, taking us by the hand, he will lead us through the darkness to our Father's house in heaven.

SERMON XXII.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. xxxiii, 27.

EVERY body wants to be safe, for the world is full of danger. We are in danger, and often ask about things, "Is it safe?" "Am I safe?" The soul as

well as the body needs to be safe. It cannot be safe in sin. Sin in the Bible is spoken of as a deadly disease, that kills and destroys. God wants to save us from sin and everlasting death, and so he has sent Christ to save us.

Two boys were playing on the sands on Solway Firth, Scotland, where the tide rises high and rapidly. It runs just up the hollow, until parts of the sands become islands with the rising waters around them. These grow gradually smaller until the whole sands are covered by the rolling waters. These boys, intent on their play, did not notice the rising waters until they were surrounded by them. Then they sent up a wailing cry for help. They felt that they were lost—lost among the angry waters. At that moment their uncle dashed into the water on a powerful horse, snatched up the boys before him, and with much effort gained the shore. They were saved, and safe in his arms. So when God saves us from sin and ruin, “underneath are the everlasting arms.”

God’s arms are always open, so that we may get into them and be safe. How many of us feel safe because we are in his arms?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls, and singing:

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o’ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

Mother was busy writing, only stopping to listen to the little ones’ talk:

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus, with both my hands, tight," replied her sister.

"That's not safe," said the other. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked troubled, dropped dolly, and thought. Suddenly her face shone with joy. "O, I forgot! Jesus is holding me, and Satan can't cut off his hands; so I am safe."

We must all do as this girl did—just rest in the happy thought that Jesus has got you safe in his arms.

SERMON XXIII.

BETTER COUNTRY—ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

"And now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."—HEB. xi, 16.

IN another sermon we saw that this world we live in is beautiful. God has a great many beautiful worlds as large and even larger than this world. There is Venus—the evening star. It shines as if it were beautiful, and it is almost as large as this world.

But this beautiful world—the "better country"—is not Venus, nor Jupiter, nor Mars. In our world, beautiful as it is, there is much of sorrow and tears, crying and pain, sickness and death, sin and evil. There are, also, storms and cold and winter, when the flowers all

die, and the birds cease to sing, and the cold chills us. When these things come to us we want “a better land.” Some children, who had great sorrow and trouble in their lives, said :

“I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band,
Mother! O, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?
Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For, beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!”

When I came to America, I did not know much about it, only that I believed it to be “a better country” than that in which I had lived. I found a young man on board the ship who had lived here a year when he was a boy. He did not know much about the country, but he and I talked about it every day; we were seeking “a better country.” So, let us talk and think of heaven.

To get to this better country we must be like it. These persons in the text were like it, for they loved and served God.

A little black boy was dying. He was asked, “Do

you think there are any black children in heaven?" "No, massa," was his answer; "'spec dey isn't." "Well, you cannot go to heaven," the person replied. "Reckon I kin, massa," said the black boy. "How can that be, if there are no black children there?" asked the man. "Kase dey is all white," said the boy; "dey is all washed white in de blood of de Lamb."

Children, heaven is a place of joy and pleasure, but we must be washed in Jesus's blood to get there.

SERMON XXIV.

PICTURE-TAKING.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."—JER. xiii, 23.

CHILDREN, a plain truth is taught in the text. It is a truth that you are much interested in. Old people know that what they are has been growing on them for many years; and they also know that when they are accustomed to do evil they will not do good. Dear children, God wants to save you from this habit of evil which, every time you do wrong, becomes more and more fixed. Ethiopian in the text means a black man. Do you think a black man could make his skin white? When your skin is black some soap and water will make it white again; but a black man could not wash himself white, for he cannot change his skin.

How many of you have seen a leopard? They

are beautiful beasts that we sometimes see in a menagerie, but they are like sin—cruel and deceitful. They are covered with spots, and by the spots they are known. Suppose that a leopard wanted to cease to be a leopard; do you think he could change the spots? Did you ever have your picture taken, children? Up hands. A little boy who was having his picture taken jerked his head one side. What a picture he had! When you had your picture taken you were carefully dressed and placed in a chair. Then the picture-taker looked through the glass at you two or three times, and said, "Look pleasant, and we will have a nice picture." Suppose you had put on that face that you had the other day, when mother wanted you to help her instead of playing; what kind of a picture would you have? That picture, like the spots on the leopard, could not be changed.

Children, this life is a great picture gallery, where every day we are having the soul's picture taken. It is the picture of what we are to-day and of what we will likely be to-morrow. When it is taken for to-day it is just like the leopard's spots—it is fixed, and cannot be changed. It is likely to be the same to-morrow, but it may be changed for to-morrow, because that picture is not yet taken. Think! every day I am making a picture which cannot be changed, and that all the days make a picture of what eternity will be. Suppose you had a great album, and in it all the pictures of the soul, just how good or bad it was, every week for fifty years; about twenty-six hundred pictures. Would you not want

the pictures to look good and sweet? These pictures will all be in God's album, and we will see them. May God help us in this great picture gallery, so that our picture every day may be right!

SERMON XXV.

KEEPING HOUSE IN THE HEART.

"My son, attend to my words; keep them in the midst of thine heart; for they are life to those that find them, and health to all their flesh. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."—PROV. iv, 21-23.

CHILDREN, our subject to-day is housekeeping in the heart. Girls, did you ever play housekeeping? Just at that time you lived in that little play-house of yours. A little boy was asked what a house was for? He answered, "Kitchen is to cook and wash in, sitting-room to live in, bed-room to sleep in, and parlor for company." I suppose that was the way that things were at his father's house, but I think the parlor should be used a good deal when there is no company.

The heart is the house in which the soul lives. Our bodies walk out of our houses every day; just in the same way the soul comes out of the heart in thoughts, words, and feelings. "Out of it are the issues of life."

A house is built to give comfort, and every thing is arranged so as to add to our happiness. It would not be comfortable with only bare walls. It must have chairs, tables, bedsteads, and many other nice things

that are good and useful. So the heart will have feelings, loves, hates, and plans. If these are not good, the heart will not be comfortable. There would be no comfort if a table was full of sharp things that ran into us every time we ate at it. So if the heart is furnished with bad feelings, and with the love of bad things, it will not be a comfortable house for the soul to live in. I said that the heart must have plans. What is a plan? It is to think out what you intend to do in the future. There can be no good or successful life without a plan. There were two boys lived in the same township. One of them always had a plan. In the morning he used to plan out all his work and his study, and even his play, for the day. At the beginning of the year he laid out a plan for the year. He could not always carry out his plans, but he succeeded with most of them. He grew up to be a farmer. His farm and farm work were well planned. His crops were better, his fences better, his cattle more docile than many of the other farmers'. He gave the credit of much of his success to his always having a plan. The other boy seldom had a plan. He became a farmer, also, but he did not succeed. He did not know what he would sow in a field till it was generally late. He was always behind, hoped something would turn up to help him in the troubles that his want of plan brought on him; his heart was not furnished well, and so was an uncomfortable house.

Children, God wants us to let him help to furnish the heart with good feelings, good loves, and good plans. Will you ask him for his help, so that we may have comfort?

SERMON XXVI.**KEEPING HOUSE IN THE HEART.—CONTINUED.**

"My son, attend to my words; keep them in the midst of thine heart; for they are life to those that find them, and health to all their flesh. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."—PROV. iv, 21-23.

IN the last sermon I said that a house must have good furniture to give us comfort, and the heart must have good feelings, loves, and plans. A house must also be clean and tidy. If there is dirt or bad smells, or if things are all out of place in the house, it will not be a comfortable home. I had to call at a house one day where every thing was untidy. While I was there I looked round and found a pig near my chair. The pig was as clean as the people. Some hearts are very unclean. Christ called the Pharisees a generation of vipers, because evil things that sting like vipers came out of the heart through the mouth. Again he says: "Out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies; these are the things which defile a man." Such an unclean heart must be a poor house to live in. When I see girls proud or unkind I think the heart needs cleaning. When I see boys quarreling or swearing, the bad things come from the heart. A mother found that her boy had learned from others to swear. She tried to show him that his heart was dirty and needed washing. She could not do that; but as the dirty words came through the mouth, that must need

washing also; so, every time he said a bad word, she washed his mouth with soapsuds. Ever since I read this, when boys or men swear in my presence, I think of the soapsuds.

Children, God alone can make the heart clean; and Jesus will do it, if we only let him in. At first it may seem less comfortable while he is cleansing it, just as it is in the houses we live in at house-cleaning. When they are cleaned the dust flies, the scrubbing goes on, the carpets are up, windows out. But, how good and sweet it is afterward! So when Christ cleans the heart, and turns out the bad in it, it is not pleasant. Some of the sins we want to keep in; but Christ is now Master, and they must all go. So there is strife and commotion; but peace and joy, happiness and heaven, come when the heart is cleansed.

Children, Christ is knocking at the door of the heart, that he may come in and make it clean. Let him in!

SERMON XXVII.

KEEPING HOUSE IN THE HEART.—CONTINUED.

“My son, attend to my words; keep them in the midst of thine heart; for they are life to those that find them, and health to all their flesh. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.”—PROV. iv, 21–23.

IN the last two sermons we have seen the importance of having the right furniture in the heart, and having it clean. All these are necessary for our comfort.

But we could not keep house well without food. Good food adds greatly to the comfort of a house. A gentleman traveling in Ireland asked a boy whom he met on the road what he had for breakfast? The boy answered, "Potatoes and salt." "And what will you have for dinner?" The answer was, "Potatoes and salt." "And now, my little man," said the gentleman, "what will your supper be?" But the boy only answered as before, "Potatoes and salt." That was all the food in that house most of the time. We would think that was not a very comfortable house; but it would have been worse if whiskey and beer had been added. We want something that is good and tasty—something that will satisfy and nourish us.

In the same way the soul that keeps house in the heart must have good food. All the religion of the Bible is food for the heart. It is often called food. Boys and girls, as well as old people, are invited to eat of this food. There is a beautiful passage in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, where the good God asks us to give up eating the bread of sin, that never satisfies, and "eat that which is good." What a feast in our heart when God's salvation is received! Christ is said to come into the heart and sup with us. That must be a grand feast, and with good company; which last will be the subject of our next sermon.

O children! give up living on sin. On it the soul will starve and die. Let the heart have all the good food provided in the Gospel, then it will grow, and we will be great in the sight of the Lord.

SERMON XXVIII.

KEEPING HOUSE IN THE HEART.—CONTINUED.

“Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.”—PROV. iv, 23.

CHILDREN, how many can tell me the heads of the last three sermons? One boy says, “Heart is a house.” That was the subject; but that will do, as you know what is in a house.

A house wants good company to add to its comforts. In India a snake, called the cobra, often crawls into houses. A man awaked one night and felt one of these snakes crawling over him. He knew that if he moved the snake would bite him and cause him to die. That was a night of great fear. The cobra is bad company in a house and makes it uncomfortable. In some countries there are scorpions, with sharp claws like lobsters, and with a sting in their tail. Sometimes they drop down on the people in the house, and they get into the beds, under the pillows, and into the boots and clothes. They are very uncomfortable company.

Just as bad things as these get into the heart. There are evil thoughts, murders, thefts, lying, and other bad things. In the Bible a bad heart is likened to a cage of unclean birds. Bad things get into the hearts of children. The Bible says, “Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child.” Children, you know that all this bad company in the heart is uncomfort-

able. The other day I saw a little girl whose face was very red, and I said, "That girl has got a bad temper for company, and it makes her uncomfortable." I saw two boys fighting a few weeks ago ; they had bad company in the heart.

Good company always brings comfort. When Aunt C. and Uncle J. came to see you it was a happy time. She was so kind and good, and he had so many stories to tell and so many good things to give—you felt that good company in the house made it comfortable. It is just so in the heart.

The way to have good company in the heart is to keep out the bad company. The best company that we can have is the Lord Jesus. He tells us that he stands knocking at the door of the heart, and that if we open the door he will come in and sup with us. Just think of Jesus in the heart ! What comfort he brings ! He brings peace and joy and makes us very happy. A little girl that had him for company in the heart said, "I am so happy, I want to tell every body."

When Jesus comes into the heart he brings a great deal more good company with him, and they make us happy all the time. Children, have you Jesus in the heart ? If not, let him in to-day.

SERMON XXIX.**NEW HEAVEN AND NEW EARTH.**

“And I saw a new heaven and a new earth.”—REV. **xxi**, 1.

ALMOST four hundred years ago Columbus discovered this beautiful world where we live. Ever since it has been growing more beautiful, and has become the happy home of millions of people. But beautiful as this earth is, and beautiful and good as the new world found by Columbus was, it will be far more beautiful when the people are all good and God takes all the bad out of it.

The new heaven, to which all the good are sailing, is far better than we can think. Like the world found by Columbus, it will grow better and better all the time as we learn more of it. We will see new and interesting things and grow wiser and be able to enjoy more as our life goes on.

Children, I cannot tell much of the good things of heaven. I know that pain and sorrow are not there. I incline to think that the good things do not differ so very much from what they are here, only that they are more of the mind and less of the body. A great and good man, called Martin Luther, wrote a letter to his little son three hundred and fifty years ago. In it he says:

“I know a pretty garden wherein are many children. They gather beautiful apples, pears, cherries, and plums.

They sing and jump and are merry. I asked the man whose garden it is—to whom these children belonged. He answered, ‘These are the children that love to pray and learn, and that are pious.’ Then said I, ‘My dear sir, I too have a son, named Johnnie Luther; could not he also come into this garden and eat such beautiful apples and pears, and ride such little horses, and play with these children?’ And the man said, ‘If he loves to pray and to study, and is pious, he shall likewise go to heaven, and with him Lippus and Jost (two other boys, but not children of Luther). And when they all return they shall have fifes and flutes and drums and all sorts of stringed instruments.’ I said to the man, ‘I will hurriedly go and write my little son Johnnie all about these things, so that he may pray diligently, study well, and be pious, and also come into this garden.’ Therefore, my dear little son Johnnie, keep on studying and praying, and tell Lippus and Jost that they also study and pray, and then you will all together come into this garden. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God.

“Thy dear father,

MARTIN LUTHER.”

Man’s freedom and God’s word that are growing so well in the new world of Columbus will make the new earth spoken of in our text. We can help to bring about that good time by being good and helping others to do right.

Heaven is better than the new earth. Some of the men who followed Columbus believed that there was

in this new world a spring or stream which, if they could only drink of it, would make them young again. They spent time and money, and some of them died searching for this stream. That stream is not here. John, guided by an angel, saw heaven, and he says, "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. . . . On either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, . . . and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Drinking from that river and eating that fruit we will never grow old, or sick, or weary. Children, every one of you may live in heaven if you try to live like God and trust him. Think often of it as your home, and try and be God's children, that you may go to him in heaven.

SERMON XXX.

GOD IS.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—PSA. liii, 1.

WHEN men become wicked they are afraid of God, for they know that he is holy and pure. Sometimes they try to believe that there is no God. That is very hard to do, for they see God's works every-where around them, and each of these have a voice proclaiming that "God is." Out of thousands of these works I want to

speak of only one—our hands. And first let me talk about a watch. How many have got a watch? Four. Well, you know what a watch is, and so do these other boys and girls.

Suppose you should find one on the road. You would take it up and look at it ; you would hear it tick, look at the wheels and find out that the hands on its face told the time. Somebody has lost it, you say. But another boy beside you tells you that it happened there, just like the stones. You would think of that boy as the text speaks of the one who says, "There is no God." You would tell him that it is not like the stones, that it moves and works; that there is a plan in it, and some one must have planned it. It was made to do something, and must have had a maker, and before he made it he must have thought it all out. Now let us hold up our hand. That hand is more wonderful than the watch. It is at the end of an arm that can reach things—that can turn itself any way. It has four fingers and a thumb, and these have bones and joints so that they may be moved. It is covered with flesh or muscles, and these move the fingers and the hand. There is blood passing through it all the time, so if it is cut or bruised it heals, and when it wears it grows again. It has little nerves, so that when you feel with the fingers these nerves telegraph to the brain whether a thing feels smooth or rough. What a wonderful thing this hand is ! It is good for something. What is it good for [clenching the fist and striking into the palm of the other]? to fight with? No; but to work with and do

a great many useful things. What a great and wonderful thing the hand is! Far more wonderful and useful than a watch; and if the watch had to be made God must have made the hand. He is making it every day, and that is another wonder. This proves that "God is."

A man who tried to believe that there was no God had written over his bed, "God is nowhere." There were few that he loved, but a little girl had touched his heart. "Come here, Susie," he said one day; "can you read that?" pointing to the words over his bed. "O yes," she said. "G—O—D, God; I—S, is, God is. O, I know that. He is my Father and is with me every day. God is; N—O—W, now; H—E—R—E, here; God is now here." The little girl, without intending it, preached a sermon, and the man felt the truth, "God is now here."

"There is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air and seas and skies."

SERMON XXXI.

WAGES — GIFT.

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROM. vi, 23.

WAGES is something that we earn—that is due to us for something that we do, and that we must get if we get what is right. We get wages for every thing we do.

If a boy works for a farmer or in a store he gets wages for it. If we study at school we get wages. The wages are the knowledge that is stored up and fits us for life. If we are good and kind our wages are that it makes others good and kind to us, and we are happy in the work. Some wages are paid us as we go along; but most of them come on pay-day, when the workman and his master settle up.

We all know what sin is. He is a hard master, but many don't believe that. He promises them a great many things, but he always breaks his promises and pays them hard wages. I might show, children, that the wages of sin is death even in this life, but I want to impress on you that at the end, when all the wages are paid, it is death forever. It does not say that the wages of the last sin is death, but that the wages of sin is death.

There was a tree in Boston Common which people thought a good deal of. One day it broke down very unexpectedly. A bullet was found at its heart that had been fired into it years before, and *that* caused its death. So sin, no matter what our seeming prosperity may be, will finally bring to us eternal death. As all have sinned, we would be in a sad state did not God offer us eternal life.

"The gift of God is eternal life," not wages, for we do not earn eternal life; it is a free gift from God to us. Is it not strange, children, that with the wages sin pays so many are careless about the gift? How good and kind in God to offer us such a gift! To be able to give us the gift he sent his Son to die for us.

This gift, children, is offered to you. What will you do with it? A blind beggar sat crying, "For the love of God give me a halfpenny." A rich man who was a cripple was being wheeled past by his servant on an invalid chair, he held out to him half a crown, but he did not see it and so went on crying. So we often want life—eternal life, but don't see that God is holding it out to us.

Children, what do we do when good gifts are offered to us? Take them and thank the giver. That is just what God wants us to do. This morning let us take God's gift of eternal life and thank the giver. We don't need to wait till to-morrow or till others are seeking the Lord. Just take the gift and with all your heart thank the giver.

SERMON XXXII.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE.

WITH A STORY.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN iii, 16.

CHILDREN, we cannot tell all God's great love to us, but we know that to save us he was born into the world in the person of Jesus Christ and died on the cross for us. He tries to get near us, so that we may see and feel his great love and turn from sin and have

eternal life. He wants us to be like him that we may live always with him.

My sermon this morning will be a story that was sent to me from Scotland.

A poor Irish boy was shivering at a corner of a street in the city of Dublin. He was to meet other boys and rob a house that night. A hand was laid on his shoulder and a kind voice asked him why he did not go home to bed.

"I have no home," said the boy.

"Would you go to a home if one was provided for you for this night?"

"That would I, sharp!" replied the boy.

"Well, in such a place you will find a bed. Here is the pass," handing him a card. "Can you read?"

"No, sir."

"Well, remember that the pass is 'John iii, 16;' don't forget, 'John iii, 16.' There, that's something that will do you good."

The lad rushed off repeating his lesson and soon found himself at the door. He rang the bell, when the night porter opened and asked,

"Who's there?"

"Me, sir. I am JOHN THREE SIXTEEN."

"All right." And the boy went in.

He was soon in a nice warm bed, and as he curled up in it he said,

"This is a lucky name. I'll stick to it."

Next morning he had a good breakfast before he went out on the street. He wandered on, fearing to

meet any of his old companions in sin, when, crossing a street, he was run over by a cart. He was carried to the nearest hospital. When he revived he was asked whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant.

"Yesterday I was a Catholic, but now I am John Three Sixteen," he said, which made them all laugh.

His sufferings brought on fever and delirium. Then was heard in ringing tones, and oft repeated,

"John iii, 16! It was to do me good, and so it has!"

These cries were heard by other patients. Testaments were pulled out to see what he meant. Here one and there another, and many of them read the words, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And as they read the boy in his delirium would cry, "It was to do me good, and so it has!"

O, children, what a blessed, loving God he is! It will do us all good to read and think of, and be happy as you read "John iii, 16."

Next Sabbath, in another sermon, I will tell the rest of this story.

SERMON XXXIII.**GOD'S GREAT LOVE.—CONTINUED.****WITH A STORY.**

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—JOHN iii, 16.

CHILDREN, can you tell me what a picture is? Up hands. This is supposed to be a picture of our Saviour. [Holding up a picture of Christ.] I often think that the painters who first made these pictures gave the loving, cheerful Jesus a look of too much gloom. Pictures are sometimes painted in words. A boy went away from home to school. He was a little homesick, but one day a letter came from his mother full of loving words and sweet advice. As he read it he could see his sweet, patient mother, toiling and refusing herself many comforts that he might have the chance of going to school. Her letter was a picture that no painting could give—was a picture of her heart. So this text is a picture of the heart of our Father in heaven. The great Luther called it “The Miniature Bible.”

When the poor sick people in the hospital read the gracious words and heard the boy's cry, “It was to do me good, and so it has!” God's spirit made it good to them, and God's angels rejoiced over sinners converted.

When the delirium left the boy a voice from the next bed said,

"John Three Sixteen, how are you to-day?"

"Why, how did you know my new name?"

"Know it! you've been crying it for days, and I for one say, Blessed John Three Sixteen! And don't you know it comes from the Bible?"

"The Bible! What is that?" asked the boy.

This poor waif had never heard of the Bible.

"Read it to me."

And as the words fell on his ears he muttered,

"That is good; it's all about love."

He soon found that it had not only given him a home for a night, but a home forever.

He soon learned the text, and day after day thought of how much God loved him and how Christ saved him. On a cot near him lay one very sick. Early one morning a nun came to his bedside and said,

"Patrick, how are you to-day?"

"Badly, badly."

"Has the priest been to see you?" asked the nun.

"O yes, but that makes it worse; for he has anointed me, and I am marked for death, when I am not fit to die."

"Patrick," she said, "here are these beads, blessed by the Pope, and they will help you to die happy."

She put them on his neck and then left him.

"God have mercy," he said, "I am a poor sinner, and not fit to die."

The boy heard these words.

"Patrick," he called, "I know something that will do you good—quite sure—it has done me."

"Tell me ; tell me quickly !" cried Patrick !

"Here it is. Now listen, John iii, 16. Are you listening ?"

"O yes."

"John iii, 16. 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Through these words Patrick found peace in his dying hours and entered into everlasting life.

The little boy loved the text all his life, and by its influence became a noble man.

Children, think of our Father's great love as you read John iii, 16 !

NOTE.—I offer no apology for making the substance of the two foregoing sermons consist of a story. It did me good ; may it bless others !

SERMON XXXIV.

STORMS IN LIFE.

A REFUGE FROM THE STORM.

"A refuge from the storm."—ISAIAH xxv, 4.

CHILDREN, you know what a storm is. Not long ago we had a rain storm, when the floods swept through the valleys. Last winter there were snow storms, when the snow was tossed into the air and the falling snow mingled with it in fury. A week ago there was a wind storm on the coasts of England and France, and more than fifty ships were lost. The storms of life are very

much like these. I do not mean every-day quiet life, but the times when something rages round us or in us with fury.

There are storms of sin, when the soul seems bent on sinning. Then we keep conscience from talking, and will not listen to our parents or friends, and don't want to hear of God or the Bible. How the storm of sin rages ! It was just such a storm that overwhelmed the poor prodigal, and all prodigals.

There are storms of passion. Sometimes men get so angry that their passions are like a stormy sea. As I passed the school play-ground, last summer, I saw two boys fighting. Their pleasant faces were distorted with the angry passions inside. How they did look ! I am sure if they had seen their own faces they would have been ashamed. That was a furious storm of passion. It would not take many of such storms to wreck the ship.

There is also the storm of trouble. Life sometimes seems to be against us. Trouble comes on every hand, thick and fast. We are perplexed, and do not know what to do. We may be in debt, and lose all we have, or sick, and feel that life is full of troubles. A great many have storms of trouble ; not little troubles, but troubles that come like a storm.

There is the storm of danger, when it requires wisdom and energy, with the Lord to help, to save us. I remember being in a ship amid a storm. The timbers creaked, and had it not been for our two great anchors we would have drifted on to the rocks. Two

other ships whose anchors were not so good went ashore.

There are storms of sorrow that sometimes come to children—when parents die, and they are left alone in this stormy world. A storm of sorrow is just like a snow-storm. It beats in our faces, cold and chilling.

The text tells us that God is a refuge from the storm. That means a place of safety where the storm does not reach you. Another text says that Christ was to be a hiding-place from the wind.

I remember a great wind storm about forty years ago. I was passing through the city of Glasgow, and just as I turned a corner to enter the park the wind met me with such fury that I had to seek shelter in a house. Within fifteen minutes there were sixteen in that hiding-place, where the wind could not reach them. So Christ is our hiding-place in the storms of life. Just trust him and he will hide us from the storm. When he was in a little ship, and a great storm came, he saved his disciples by saying to the storm, "Peace; be still!" What a comfort to sit by the warm fire in winter and look out on the storm! So if we live with God, and have him for our Father, he will cheer and comfort us, and keep us safely in the storms of life.

"We'll stand the storm—it wont be long;
We'll anchor by and by."

SERMON XXXV.

HOW TO BE A NOBODY.

"Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child."—PROV. xxii, 16.

CHILDREN, do you know any "Nobodies?" There are plenty of them, and our text tells us why they are so. Would you like to grow up to be "Nobodies?" We all want to be "Somebody," and I hope that all of you will grow to be noble and good.

It is very easy to be "Nobody." Don't study much. If you did you might grow up useful and respected, and then you would be a "Somebody." How many of these children know what "chip-dirt" is? Up hands. It is not worth much. A boy at school brought home his report. It read: Charles Stephens, Arithmetic, 66; Geography, 71; Grammar, 47; Writing, 70; Deportment, 74; Whole number in class, 16; Rank in class, 16.

Said his father, "That means that my boy is at the foot of his class. How did this happen?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know! Do you see that basket filled with apples? Empty them out in the corner, and take the basket to the wood-house and fill it half full of chip dirt and bring it here."

Charley did not know what it meant, but did as his father bade him.

"Now," said his father, "put in the apples."

Charley piled up the apples as long as they would stay on, and then said:

"It will not hold them all, sir."

"Pile them on; it held them before," said the father.

"Yes, father, but now the basket is half-full of chip-dirt."

"Ah, my son, there's the mischief. When a basket is half-full of chip-dirt it will not hold a basketful of apples. You have been cramming your mind with chip-dirt stories, and how do you think you can fill it with arithmetic, geography, and grammar?"

Children, if you don't want to be "Nobody," keep out the chip-dirt. What a lot of chip-dirt there is in the world! It gets into the head and into the heart when we are young. Parents and teachers work hard to get it out, but a large part of it stays in.

To be a "Nobody," never read good books, such as history, travels, science, etc. Go to the saloon. You need not drink much, only a little beer, but it will keep the head empty. Read dime novels instead of helping father and mother. Play games the rest of the time, to pass the time. Don't think of any object in life. Don't say, "I will be a farmer, or mechanic, or some other useful business." If you did you might be a "Somebody." If you follow these things you will either be a "Nobody," or both that and a drunkard.

Children, ask God every day to keep you from being a "Nobody." Seek to grow up into a grand and useful life.

"Live to some purpose; make thy life
A gift of use to thee;
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy!"

SERMON XXXVI.**HOW TO BE A MAN.**

“When I became a man, I put away childish things.”—1 COR. xiii, 11.

EVERY boy wants to be a man, and every girl wants to be a woman. That is just as it should be. It is what God wants. It does not mean to grow big, like a man. A little boy had been helping his father. His mother was delighted with his industry, tact, and goodness, and called him her “little man.” I have known some big persons who had not much of a man in them. I heard one speak of another a few days ago. He said a very hard thing about him, but I fear it was true. He said, “He was not much of a man.”

Peter Pink wanted to be a man. He heard some big persons swear and saw them smoking; he thought if he did as they did that he would be a man, but it only made him a bad boy, and far less a man than he was before.

A *man* is noble, generous, strong to help, full of courage in what is right, gentle, and good. A gentleman is, next to the Christian man, the highest style of man; the Christian is always a gentleman. A gentlewoman is not one that dresses much, but one who, like all ladies, is kind and gentle.

“You are a nice little girl,” said a lady to a gentle, sweet girl who was leading her smaller brother.

"And brother is a nice little boy," was the sweet and gentle answer.

A *man* is always true and genuine. To be false in heart, a counterfeit in life, is not manhood. A man is always pure in thought and life; he is above all the low beings around him; he is only a little lower than the angels, and can govern his body as well as his soul. One who cannot bridle his passions is not a man, but a slave.

A true man is in the image of God and is a companion of God, one who lives with and talks with God.

Children, try to be men. Not smoking men, nor drinking men, nor indolent men—these are blots on manhood; but noble, true, godlike men.

"When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead."

"The man of wisdom is the man of years."

SERMON XXXVII.

SPRING SERMON.

"The time of the singing of birds is come."—SOL. SONG ii, 12.

CHILDREN, have you heard them—the robin and the blue-bird? They have been away all winter. How did they know when to go, or where to go to? These are hard questions to answer.

But they have come back, and cheer us with song

and amuse us with their nimble hop. First comes the robin; he lives on seeds and worms, and now finds plenty; next comes the blue-bird; last comes the swallow, after the insects come into the air to feed him.

How much they help us, by eating bad seeds of weeds and destroying millions of insects. Never kill the birds, for they not only cheer us with their songs, but serve us. All day long they are working for us, helping us to destroy our enemies, that things which we plant may grow. What if poor robin eats a few strawberries and cherries! He works for them, helps them to grow, and wants his share.

The time of the singing of birds is a cheerful change in life. The sick get new hope as the birds sing, and the leaves come out, and the grass gets green, and the sun gets warm, and the dandelions sprinkle the fields like stars dropped from heaven. The discouraged get new expectations, and the whole world smiles these spring mornings.

Spare the birds and help them. The sparrow, blackbird, and crow only are outlaws. Some think that even these do more good than harm; but, like some boys and girls, they need watching. Soon the farmers will be planting corn, for the birds teach them to be industrious. Let me read you a song learned by a little girl as she dropped corn in the hill for her grandfather.

“‘Now,’ said he, ‘as you drop the corn,
One for the blackbird, one for the crow,
One for the cut-worm, and two to grow.’

Crow and blackbird fluttered 'round,
The cut-worm wriggled beneath the ground,
As fine smooth kernels, every time,
Little Katie dropped, with the song rhyme:
'One for the blackbird and one for the crow,
One for the cut-worm and two to grow.'"

SERMON XXXVIII.

HOLD THE FORT.

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. ii, 3.

CHILDREN, do you know what a fort is? It is a strong building with soldiers in it and strong gates on it. It is built to keep out enemies, and its walls are very thick with great holes for cannon to shoot out of. During the war we heard a good deal about Fort Sumter, which was a very strong fort near Charleston, S. C. Some forts cannot be taken unless some one inside opens the gate. There was a great fort or castle in Scotland which I often saw, and which was of this sort. It was on the top of a hill; all around it, except in front, the rocks were too steep to climb. In front there was a large moat or ditch fifteen feet deep and thirty feet wide, and over this a draw-bridge that could be raised and lowered. Some men wanted to take this fort. They could not climb the rocks nor cross the ditch without being seen. They hid some men near, and then got a farmer, who was to draw a load of hay into the fort for the horses, to help them. The farmer hid twelve men among the hay and took

his hired man along with him. The draw-bridge was lowered and the gate opened; but just as the load of hay got half-way through the gate the farmer and his man cut the traces, and the gate could not be shut, for the load of hay hindered it. The men jumped up, rushed in, and took the fort.

The heart is a fort very much like that of which I have been speaking. We have many enemies who all want to take this fort. It has gates and draw-bridges, and through all of these our enemies are seeking to enter. There is ear-gate and eye-gate and mouth-gate. When I see girls all full of dress and pride, I say the enemy is getting in at eye-gate. Very soon it will be hard to close it. The other day I saw two small boys smoking, and I said, "Mouth-gate is open; bad words will soon begin to come out after the enemy gets in." When I hear people listening to gossip I say ear-gate is open, and soon mouth-gate will send out on a bad errand what enters into ear-gate.

Boys and girls, take care of the gates to the heart. Our Lord Jesus Christ will help you. If you only give your heart to him, he and you together will hold the fort and keep the gates shut against the enemy. Without his help the fort will surely be taken. If with Jesus's help you watch these gates when you are young it will be much easier to keep the enemy out when you are older.

"Be brave, little soldiers,
To battle for right;
Behind and before you
A foe is in sight."

SERMON XXXIX.**INTERCESSION.**

“He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”—HEB. vii, 25.

“INTERCESSION” is a very long word. A little girl was asked what was meant by Christ making intercession for us. She answered, “He speaks a good word to God for us.” I think it is more than this. He not only pleads for us, but presents his great sacrifice. He died for us, and when hanging on the cross, with his bitter enemies taunting and mocking him, he interceded for them, saying, “Father, forgive them.” A great man said that Christ’s intercession was like a mother picking out all the weeds from the flowers that a child had gathered for its father, and presenting nothing but the flowers.

A great king of England had condemned six of the citizens of Calais to death for rebellion. His queen, having just come into the camp, hastened to the king to plead for their pardon, and they were forgiven. So Christ pleads for us and always succeeds. If we ask through Jesus for forgiveness and mercy he will write our name in the book of life, and God will grant our requests.

As Jesus makes intercession for us, so we should intercede for others. Dear children, it would do you a great deal of good as well as be a good to the person if you would ask God for Jesus’s sake to bless and help

others. Try it. Begin with father and mother and you will soon find that you will love them more. Then try it on some companion. Soon you will want to speak a word for Christ as well as pray for your friend; that will do you both good. If all these children should make intercession for me every Sabbath morning I could preach better and they could hear better.

I once read of a minister who labored among the poor. Every month he had an intercession service. Without letting others know who they were, sisters would ask the people's prayers for a drinking brother; mothers for bad children. A girl wrote, "Pray for my drunkard uncle, I want him to love Jesus." "Pray for my wife, who is sick," wrote another, etc. The minister would pray for these, and the people would bow their heads and say, "Grant it, O Lord." Often the people would sob as they interceded for each other.

Jesus ever liveth to make intercession for us.

SERMON XL.

LIFE IN A POWDER MILL.

"But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell."—PROV. ix, 18.

CHILDREN, you all know what powder is. It is very useful in blasting rocks and in digging coal. It is also put into pistols, guns, and cannons, and the balls put in

with it are sometimes shot off a long distance. It is a very dangerous thing for boys.

Some years ago I visited a powder mill. It was up a ravine where nobody lived, for it might blow up at any time, and if so would shatter windows a mile off. Strangers were not often allowed in the mill, for any carelessness might blow up the mill and every one in it. The machinery was turned with water, for a steam-engine would be dangerous. All the workmen looked solemn and stepped softly, for they did not know what hour they might die. They stored the powder in separate caves under the hill, so that if one exploded they might save the others.

There are some people who live all the time as if they lived in a powder mill. That boy or girl who runs with bad company and goes to bad places is in a powder mill of danger that may destroy him or her. All who have not God to help them, no matter how they keep down a bad heart, live in a powder mill. When temptation comes, as it often does, suddenly, like a flash, the heart is not like a tank of water that will put it out, but like a powder mill ready to explode. Many a one who has lived fair all his life has been ruined in an hour by the explosion of the evil in his heart. We need God all the time to help us.

The things that make powder will not explode if kept separate. Sulphur is good, and alone would not harm any one; saltpeter and charcoal are also harmless; but put these together and we have powder, of

which we have to be careful. I knew a young man who thought he ought to have what he called self-respect, and a mind of his own, and self love; but the mixture only produced what other people called pride, obstinacy, and selfishness. That mixture was always ready to explode.

Children, let us pray every day to the good Father to "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He will help us to keep passion and sin from destroying us.

SERMON XLI.

BUILDERS.

"He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock."—LUKE vi, 48, 49.

CHILDREN, I will commence my sermon this morning by telling you a story.

"Did you know we were builders?" said Jemmy Atkins to John Brown, as he watched them put brick upon brick on the wall of a building.

"No, we aint; we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which is to last for ever and ever."

"Nothing in the world lasts forever," said John.

"But mother told me," said Jemmy, "our souls would live forever, and we were building houses to live in."

"How is that?" said John soberly.

"Well, she said that we built our characters day by

day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing, and if we build well we will be glad forever. Is it not nice to think that we are builders?"

Children, Jemmy told the truth. Every day we are building, brick by brick, a house for the soul to live in, and as you see that the bricks in a building lap over each other, so do all our actions, thoughts and feelings; so that all of them make a whole.

The first thing in a building is a good foundation. That is what our text teaches. The good foundation is, to hear Christ's words, and do them. That means to be a Christian. There can be no true, noble life, unless it rests on trust in, and obedience to, Christ. He will teach you how to build. Second: We must use the best materials—honesty, truth, courage, industry, perseverance, obedience to parents, gentleness, kindness. The material that is to be rejected is pride, envy, indolence, and all the bad things. With the right materials you can build a grand house for the soul to live in.

One of the great ends of a house is to give comfort. Last winter the people in Canada built a palace of ice blocks. It looked fine, and sparkled in the sun; but it was cold, and fires melted it and made it damp. I think I know some people that are building ice houses to live in. They have but little love and kindness, and as soon as we come near them we feel the chill. Think every day that you are building a house to live in forever. Try with God's help to make it a noble home!

SERMON XLII.**STRAYED SHEEP.**

"All we like sheep have gone astray, . . . And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. . . . He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter."—ISA. liii, 6.

MEN, in the Bible, are often likened to sheep. Did you ever see a flock of sheep, children? When I was a boy I lived in a country where there were many shepherds and large flocks. It was a beautiful sight to see a flock feeding together, and to see the lambs skip in playfulness, and the shepherd watching them all. Sometimes one of the sheep would go astray up some mountain glen, or among the rocks. It was not happy, but would bleat in its loneliness. The shepherd would soon miss it, and gently lead it back till it got in sight of the flock, and then, without urging, it would run to join them.

Sometimes quite a number would stray off together. Boys and girls are very much like sheep—when one gets into a wrong place others are likely to follow; and so the text says. "All we like sheep have gone astray." I have known a great many children who have been led astray by other children. The sheep-shearer knows something of this trait in the silly sheep. When he wants to get them into a pen he catches one, and, with a good deal of effort, puts it in the pen; then it is very easy to get the others to follow it. Some sheep were feeding in the Highlands of Scotland. They saw green

on a rock below, and one jumped down. Then a good many followed and got on the rock, which was called "Castle Rock." They could not get back again, and below them was a steep rock; hundreds of feet straight down.

When the shepherd saw where they were he knew that, unless he could get them up, they would be lost. So he had another man let him down with a rope over the rocks. But they were afraid of the good shepherd, and some of the silly lambs leaped off the rock, and were killed. The shepherd saved the most of them by tying one at a time to the rope, and the man above pulled it up. The shepherd risked his life for the fault of the sheep, but Christ *gave* his life for our faults. "All we like sheep have gone astray. And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

The larger the number that strays from the flock, and leaves the shepherd, the harder it is to get them back. They like to be in a flock even when strayed from the shepherd, and so do not feel their loneliness.

Christ is called the "Good Shepherd," who not only watches and feeds the sheep, who are his people, but takes special care of the lambs, or the children. You will find a beautiful parable in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where he is represented as the Good Shepherd who goes after even one wandering sheep, and seeks it till he finds it, and then he is so happy that he has to tell the angels that he has found the lost sheep, and they all rejoice. What a kind, good shepherd Jesus is!

He gave his life for the sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray. And the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all." That means that when we had gone astray Jesus suffered in our stead, so that we might be forgiven.

As a suffering Saviour, he is called the "Lamb of God." A little girl, only six years old, had learned that Jesus had borne our sins. She was singing, "Cast your sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God." Her uncle was up stairs, sick, and was soon to die. He, like sheep, had gone astray, and death had its terrors for him. Little Annie crept up to his bed-side, put her little hand on his face, pressed her face to his ear, and whispered,

"Uncle, cast your sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God."

She went back to her play, but all that evening he was praying to God to forgive him for Jesus's sake.

Next day Annie went up to the sick-room and whispered with winning tenderness,

"Uncle William, did you do as I told you?"

"Yes, I did, I did; and he has taken all my sins away!"

Let us thank Him to-day for his great love!

SERMON XLIII.**HOW TO GROW.**

"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."—1 PET. ii, 2.

CHILDREN, I once knew a little boy who went out into the rain to grow.

"Willie, dear, come in out of the rain," said his mother.

He replied,

"Mamma, I'm going to be a man; I want to grow."

As I said once before, every boy and girl wants to grow, and you all ought to know how to grow.

1. *Our bodies must grow.*—These little heads and hands and faces that are now looking up at me will all grow. We cannot tell how, but we know that good food, when we eat it, turns into blood, and the heart is pumping it through the body just like a pump. It leaves a little for bone in one place, and a little for flesh in another. Do you think, children, we would grow much if we ate nothing but candy?

God wants our bodies to grow healthy and strong, so that we may be happy and be able to do things that we should do. But if nothing but the body grew we would not be worth much.

Peter Price was a strong boy. He liked to eat and sleep, and play a little bit; but he never got his lessons at school, never helped father or mother if he could help it, and grew up knowing but very little.

2. *Our minds need to grow.*—Reading and listening and thinking and watching how others do things, and trying to do them ourselves, is the knife, fork, and spoon that the mind eats with. And what we read, think, and see, etc., is to the mind just what bread and butter is to the body—the things that make it grow.

God wants our minds to grow, so that we may know the great things that are around us, and the truths of his word and the love of his heart for us. But the mind will not grow in this way unless it has good thinking at school and at home, and good reading. Some stories are good, and some are very bad and unhealthy for the mind; but the very best of them are like candy or cake to the body, they don't make the mind grow much. Children, be careful and not read too much of even Sunday-school story books. Get books on history, science, travels, and lives of the good and great.

3. *The soul must grow.*—That is the most important part of us. At the post-office the other day I heard a person say "Such a man is a small-souled man." Children, take care that the soul grows up into a noble Christian manhood. The soul grows by thinking of God and heaven, and by doing what is right. Our text says that the food that makes it grow is the sincere milk of the word. That means the simple truths of the Bible. It tells us that we are sinners; but it also tells us that God loves us and that Jesus has died for us. When we hear and think of all these things we grow to love God, and then we grow to love others more. We grow kind, and merciful, and loving, and good.

SERMON XLIV.**GOD HANGING THE EARTH UPON NOTHING.**

"He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing."—JOB xxvi, 7.

CHILDREN, does the earth hang upon nothing? God says so in our text. It was many hundreds of years after this was written in Job before men believed that the earth was hung upon nothing. What does this represent [holding up a small globe]? "The world," is answered by several. Is the world round? "Yes," from several voices. But it is not on a frame like this, it is hanging upon nothing. Still it is moving, running very fast all the time around the sun. It is about fifteen minutes since we came into this room; during that time the railroad train, if going very fast, might have run fifteen miles, jarring us a good deal. But the earth has rushed along twenty-six hundred and fifty miles, and we have not felt a jar. The earth goes round the sun every year, just as this globe in my hand is going round this lamp [the globe is moved slowly around the lamp at the distance of about a foot]. You see that the earth does not stand straight up and down, but is tipped over a little; and now you see that more light falls on this part than on the lower part. This is called the north part, and is the part of the world that we live on. When the earth stands to the sun as the globe is now doing to the lamp, it is our summer, for we have more

light and longer days, and so warmer days. When it gets around to there [moving the globe a quarter of a circle] it is autumn, for the sun shines on the north and south part of the earth alike. So the nights get cooler and the days shorter. When the earth gets around to here, going round the sun [moving the globe], you see that most of the light falls on what is called the south. Then it is our winter, and summer on the south side of the earth. Our days get shorter and the cold increases. The earth moves on, and in three months more it gets round to here [moving the globe]. The sun again shines on the middle of the earth. Our days have grown longer, and sweet and beautiful spring is come.

Children, if we think of all this, we will not only see the power of God, and how his works praise him and the world obeys him, but see how good he is to us in sending us spring, seed-time and harvest. All his works praise him and his saints bless him.

The world also moves round itself, like this [illustrating by the globe]. That makes day and night, for every twenty-four hours we come up to where the sun is, and pass away from him. In fifteen minutes, where we are, we have traveled over two hundred miles round. God's machinery never breaks down, and the earth, as in the days of Job, still hangs upon nothing.

SERMON XLV.**THINGS THAT TALK ABOUT GOD.**

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee."—PSA. cxlv, 10.

A GREAT man tells us that there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Children, do you think birds talk to each other? I do not mean parrots, who say things they do not understand. I wonder what the robins say to each other, or what those little chatter-boxes, called sparrows, are talking about. Do dogs whisper in each other's ears? I used to think, when a boy, that the world was full of talking things. The brook told me how it had wandered through the woods where the hot sun could not drink it up. As I looked on a beautiful river, very near my home, a man told me that he had traveled along it until it was so small that he could jump over it. That set me to thinking, and the river seemed to tell me how it had grown—by a creek here and a brook there coming in. When I visited the shore of the great sea, the winds and the waves all had a voice for me.

It is true, children, that every thing is talking to us and telling about God. They tell us how great he is in making and controlling all these things. They speak of his goodness in giving us all these good things. If he had not given us the birds the world would have

been poorer and sadder. These city children hear many things talk to them that they will miss when they go home.* “God made the country, and man made the town.” How many stories you will tell of the trees and corn, and cherries and apples, of how the potatoes grow,† and what makes the butter; and you will talk of the birds and the chickens, etc. Think, children, after you get back into the city, of how all these things told you of God, and tried to get you to do what he wants you to do, just as they do, for they all obey God.

There is nothing tells so well about God as the Bible. How many of these children have a Bible [nearly every hand up]? A little boy read the beautiful story of Samuel. Little Samuel waited on the priests and slept in the great tabernacle where the people worshiped God. God spoke to him one day, saying, “Samuel! Samuel!” Samuel ran to Eli, the priest, saying, “Thou calledst me.” Again God called Samuel, and Samuel again ran to Eli. Next time, by Eli’s advice, he answered, “Speak, Lord, for thy servant waits to hear.” Then God talked a good while with the boy, and told him many things. This boy, when he had read this beautiful story, used to say, “Speak, Lord, I wait to

* Preached Aug. 2, 1885, at East Bloomfield, N. Y., to the “Fresh Air Children.”

† One of these children, a boy of eleven years of age, who could read and write well, did not know that potatoes grew in the ground. He lived with the writer. After seeing him dig a hill of potatoes he expressed his surprise that potatoes grew in the ground.

hear." He used to think of being with Samuel, and Josiah, and Daniel, and Jesus in the temple; and with the shepherds when they heard the angels sing. God is speaking to us all to-day. "To-day, if you hear his voice," obey him.

SERMON XLVI.

GREAT THINGS THAT COME FROM LITTLE THINGS.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth."—JAMES iii, 5.

CHILDREN, if you would be wise, successful in life, good and noble, take care of the little things; of the little thoughts and words and feelings; of how much you play, and what you play at.

A little boy in the woods was playing with fire; the fire spread; he could not stop it, and it did not stop until millions of acres of valuable timber were burned, a great many houses burned up, and some lives lost.

In Holland there is much of the land that is lower than the sea at high tide. Great dykes are built to keep the sea out, and men all night watch lest the water break through. One dark, stormy night a little water began to run through the bank; it grew more, and washed out the dirt until, when the watchman saw it and gave the alarm, tens of thousands of acres were flooded and some lives were lost. How small it was at first! The watchman could have stopped it with a

shovelful of dirt. The beginning of sin is like the letting out of water; small at first, but growing larger and more destructive all the time.

Here, children, is some maple seed. How small it is. Put it in the ground and it will grow. The first year it will be a few inches high; the second year it will be larger; and every year it will grow larger until it becomes a great tree. Every thing is growing like seed. Children are growing, not only taller, but what they think and feel, and say and do, are all growing. Good thinking and feeling grow into good saying and doing; and these grow into a noble Christian life. Children, "kind words never die," but grow, leading others to speak kind words. They grow into many kind words, and great and good actions.

Bad things are almost always little at first, but grow into great things. Some weeks ago I saw a blade of grass near a beautiful flower plant. I neglected to pull it. In about two weeks I noticed it again. It had grown to be large and strong; I tried to pull it, and with some effort succeeded. But, alas! in pulling it I so disturbed the roots of the flower that it withered and died. Just so, every bad act is growing, smothering and destroying the good. Take care of the little things. Try to have the good grow; stamp out the bad when it is small.

There is a fable that the people who live on the banks of the Nile were greatly troubled with crocodiles, who killed their animals and sometimes themselves. A meeting was called to see what could be done to relieve

them. Every one was afraid of the crocodiles, and did not care about attacking an animal so covered with scales that a spear could not pierce it. At last a small animal, called the ichneumon, appeared among them, and advised them to follow its example and attack the crocodile in the egg, before it had grown. That is the way, children, we must do with all bad things. Attack them in the egg; kill them when little.

If you ask God to help you to do this he will, and then it will be easy. And every time you put down the bad it will become easier, for the good will grow.

SERMON XLVII.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

SEQUEL TO SERMON XLVI.

"And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing."—MARK xii, 42.

CHILDREN, those two mites would not make you very rich. They did not seem to help the Lord's treasury much; but, like all little things, they have grown.

Let us draw a lesson of saving. These two mites were only worth about one third of a cent. They were given about eighteen hundred and fifty years ago. Some one has been using them ever since. We pay for the use of money six cents every year for every hundred cents we use. How much money do you think these two mites would now be, if they had been used with

compound interest at six per cent.? In twelve years they would be only four mites, but every one hundred and fifteen years they would increase a thousand fold. In two hundred and thirty years they would be worth \$5,000. In four hundred and sixty years they would be worth \$5,000,000. This sum and its product must be multiplied by one thousand twelve times. The sum is far too great for even great men to conceive of.

What vast things are in little things! The sea is only drops of water, and all the great things in the world come from little things. Don't neglect the little things! Every thing you do, say, or think, is, like money, put out at interest, and is growing.

It is the little things in life that make us what we are. Few people ever do or think more than commonplace, every-day things, and these form and give shape to, and make, the bent of our life. Sometimes we have a great thing in our life. We had a great thing, children, when we went to Burning Springs for a picnic, two weeks ago. But the great things, the picnic, the Fourth of July, the visit to the city, are not specimen days of our life. It is the little thing that is the outgoing of character, and the incoming of good or bad to our hearts.

Two boys were brought up together. Both seemed to be good boys. They grew to be men. One of them was punctual, pleasant, and succeeded in life. The other was unpunctual and blunt. He did good when asked to do it, but did not seek opportunities to do it. He meant well, but did little good, and failed in life.

The widow's mite was a great investment for the world. It opened men's hearts. Ever since, when good people felt that they had nothing to give, or that they were not able to help the good work by saying and doing things, the thought of the widow's mites, that were so praised and accepted by the Lord himself, has given them new courage, and saved their help to the world.

SERMON XLVIII.

HEAVEN AND CHILDREN.

"And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defleth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie."—REV. xxi, 27.

A LADY said to me, "Heaven is full of children." "That is true," I answered. Millions of children die before they become sinners, and millions of children have their sins forgiven for His name's sake. The good apostle John loved children, and wrote to them loving and precious words. I will read some of them. "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not." He goes on to tell them, that if they should sin, Jesus Christ is ready to plead with his Father for them. Again: "I write unto you, little children, because *your* sins are forgiven you for his name's sake. This shows that they had become sinners, and unfit for heaven until their sins were forgiven. Again, he tells them that they knew the "Father and

the truth," and had an unction from the Holy One. This made them saved children.

Do bad children go to heaven? "There shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie."—Rev. xxi, 27. Do you know any children who are so bad that you think they would be out of place in heaven? A little girl, who knew a great many bad and wicked children, asked, "Mother, do all children go to heaven when they die?" "Yes, my daughter," was the answer. A look of perplexed inquiry came into her eyes as she repeated, "*All* of them?" When her mother again answered, "Yes," she drew a deep sigh, and sympathetically whispered, "Poor Dod!"

Children, keep this in your mind: that no matter how much God loves you, if you have been a sinner, unless your sins are forgiven your name will not be written in the Lamb's book of life, for the text says he who "maketh a lie" shall in nowise enter. And the whole text means that sin will keep us out of heaven, because it will make us unlike the angels with whom we will live there.

I think making lies is often a very early sin. I have known parents teach children to tell lies, and make the lies for them.

A gentleman passing through the railroad train spoke to a lady and her little son:

"How old are you, my little man?" asked the gentleman.

"Ma," asked the little boy, "is he a conductor?"

“No,” said the mother.

“Then I am eight,” answered the boy.

That boy told more than his mother wished him to tell. What a terrible sin for a father or mother to teach their child to lie!

Children, be true; and when tempted to falsehood, think of our text!

SERMON XLIX.

FORGIVING TRESPASSES.

“For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.”—MATT. vi, 14.

CHILDREN, the word “trespasses” means sins, and the text is a promise that the prayer for forgiveness of sins will be answered if we do to others what we ask God to do to us. When I was a little boy I prayed every night the Lord’s Prayer. Do all these children pray? No one can expect God to answer his prayers who is not ready to forgive others.

I want to teach you the duty and happiness of forgiving others. There is nothing so beautiful in a boy or girl as this; and a great deal of the sin and sorrow of the world would disappear if children and older people would practice this Christian grace.

A Sunday-school teacher had for the lesson the subject of forgiveness. After explaining the subject he asked a boy if he could forgive one who had struck

him. "Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, slowly; but added much more rapidly, "If he were bigger than I am." A great deal of forgiveness among children and others is on this principle, which is simply "forgiveness" if we think it is best for ourselves, but not because we want to do good to another. Children, may God help you to keep that spirit out of your heart. If God were only to forgive us in that way, we would never be forgiven.

Forgiveness melts the hearts of others and makes them kind. A school-boy in Ireland was struck by another. The teacher was about to punish this boy, but the injured boy begged for his pardon, giving as a reason the words of our text. That boy never struck him again, but always showed a love and respect for him. Forgiveness melted his heart as God's forgiveness of our sins melts our hearts, and we say, "We love God because he first loved us."

We all need forgiveness, and he that does not forgive cannot ask God to forgive him. If we do not forgive, we are like a man who, having to cross a bridge, breaks it down the day before.

Whom are we to forgive? Our worst enemies—those who have done us the most wrong. Christ, when dying for you and me, when his enemies mocked him, prayed, "Father, forgive them."

A little boy kneeled at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. He repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray"—You know the rest, children. Then he added, "God bless mamma and papa, and make

them good Christians; God bless little Jimmy and make him a good boy." And then, as he waited, his mother added, "Now say, 'and God bless every body.'" But he did not speak, and she repeated the words. At last he repeated the words after her, looking up with his large eyes, adding, "Every body but Bob, mamma; not Bob, for he drowned my kitten to-day."

I am afraid a great many children, and old people, also, know some one that they don't want to forgive. Let all such read the verse next to the text, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

SERMON L.

A NEW-YEAR SERMON.

PREACHED JANUARY, 1882.

"This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year."—EXOD. xii, 2.

LAST night an old man left us. He had been with us a good while, and in the time gave us a great many good things, far more than I can tell of you now. None of us treated him too well, and some used him and his gifts very badly. Nobody seemed to be sorry when he went away, for most of us were thinking of the one who was to come in his place. He has gone, never to come back, and this morning we found in his place a laughing boy, full of hope and gladness. The

old man's name was 1881 ; the boy's name is 1882. Will we treat him any better? That means, children, will we try and be good and make others good this year? Will we try and use well all the good things that this year will give us? I will not name all these to you, but you know that all the parts of the year have good things to be used, and in their proper use we become wiser and better.

In my native country there was a milestone every mile along the beautiful highways. There were a great many poor people who, when they traveled, had to go on foot. At almost every milestone there was a bank of sod and grass where the traveler could sit down and rest. Going to or coming from the city of Glasgow, eight miles from my home, I used to sit down on one of these banks, and as I rested think of the miles I had come and what I had seen on the way. Then I would think of the miles I had yet to travel. Now, children, the new year is just like the milestone; it is a point in our life where we may pause and think. We are one year on the road of life, and one year nearer its end.

What have we done the last year? Did we have any plans last year? It is a great thing in life to have a plan, even if you may not be able to carry it out. A little girl who is now present, but whose name I will not give, wrote last year in her diary these words: "I will give my heart to God this year." She kept her resolution, for last April, with many others, she gave her heart to God and became a Christian. I wish that

all these children would make that promise this morning.

A year of our life is just like a book. All that happens to us, and all that we do or think every day, is like a page in the book. Last year we had three hundred and sixty-five pages written in this book of our life. Is it all good reading? Is there no page that you would like to change? Try and look over it and read it to-day.

Have we any plans for this year? You know all these farmers have plans for this year—something to be done for every month, so that their barns may be filled with good things. So you must have a plan for every day, and if the plan is good, if you try to study and know, if you are obedient and good, if you give your heart to Christ and try to be like Christ, the year will be full of joy, and peace, and happiness.

There is a legend of a little girl who threw beautiful flowers from her lap. Every flower, as soon as it touched the ground, grew. All around her the flowers were seen. Her own face was as beautiful as the flowers. Another girl plucked a flower and it wilted; every one she touched wilted and died. She asked the beautiful girl, "Where do you get the flowers?" "From my father," was the answer; "there are always some in my lap to throw." "How do they all live and root?" "Because I live in them." So, children, if we live loving lives of goodness, doing all the good to others we can, we will be scattering beautiful flowers, and every one will live and make goodness grow in the

hearts of others. But if we live bad lives, the good in others that we touch will wilt and die like the flowers.

SERMON LI.

TAPPING THE WHEELS.

“Take heed unto thyself.”—1 TIM. iv, 16.

CHILDREN, did you ever see a man at the depot go under the cars, and with a hammer tap the wheels? He does that to see if they are sound, and able to stand the strain of running to the end of the road. If the wheel is all right it sounds like this [tapping a small iron wheel]. But if there is the least crack in it the sound will be like this [tapping a sheet of iron that has a flaw in it]. Just as men find out by tapping whether the car wheels are all right, so we may find out by taking heed to ourselves whether we are right or not.

It would be dangerous to send out the cars with even one cracked wheel. All the rest might be sound, but one crack might wreck the train. An excursion train full of people, who were going to enjoy themselves, was thrown off the track, and many people hurt, and two lives lost, by a broken wheel. It had been tapped before it started, but it was thought that the man did it carelessly, and did not listen carefully to the sound—*did not “take heed.”*

These children have started on the journey of life. It is full of good things, but there are many dangers. We will get through all the dangers, if we only tap

the wheels and keep them sound. That means, if we only take heed to ourselves and keep right.

Take heed what you are. Be God's children all your days. Think of Jesus, your Elder Brother, and try and be like him. He, when a boy, took heed to himself, and was always right. Study the Bible, for that will tell you how to live. If you do this, the wheels of life will always be sound.

Take heed what you do, and where you go. These things make life. What we do are the habits and tempers of life, and where we go makes our surroundings. Some children are selfish, and want the best of every thing. When they divide with others, it is the poorest part which they give. At the table they want the best piece of meat, and every-where self is most thought of. That boy or girl had better tap the wheels. There is a crack there, and by and by there will be a wrecked life.

Life is called "a bundle of habits." What are habits? What we do often, until we incline to do them, and want to do them. When a thing becomes a habit it is easy to do. If life is a bundle of habits, it is a bundle that we are carrying all the time, so we ought to take heed what we put into it. There are industrious habits, idle habits, careless habits, and bad habits.

Children, take heed to all these things, and, with God's help, you will grow up to be noble men and women, and pass through the journey of life without a wreck!

SERMON LII.**SOAP-BUBBLES.**

“O how lofty are their eyes! and their eye-lids are lifted up.”—
PROV. xxx, 13.

CHILDREN, did you ever see any one that looked just like our text? I am sure you have. Is our text a looking-glass, in which some of you see your own likeness? I hope not. It describes the proud and vain, whose eyes are so lofty. The proud and vain are more despised than any other sinners. They generally seek the ear of others by boasting, and often speak great swelling words of what they think, and what they are, and what they can do. All these great words are like soap-bubbles.

Did you ever blow soap-bubbles? How beautiful they were when the sun shone, and reflected on them the trees and fences and flowers! But the bubbles burst, and all the beautiful things were gone; for there existed only the shell of the bubble. So pride and vanity and boasting are only soap-bubbles that some people blow. They may seem to them beautiful, but they are only bubbles and soon burst, to their mortification.

When I see a boy boasting of being greater than any other boy, I say he is only blowing soap-bubbles. True greatness is modest, and has not lofty eyes; it is quiet, and does not boast of itself.

When I see a girl vain of her accomplishments or

her beauty, I think of the soap-bubbles. She ought to be happy in her accomplishments. By them she may enjoy life better, please others more, and do good; but vanity will spoil all this.

When I hear a man boasting of his farm, horses, wealth, influence, I think those are all soap-bubbles. They glitter a good deal, but not more than the bubble. A mandarin, who was a great man in China, appeared on the street with jewels all over his dress. An old man followed him through the streets bowing, and thanking him for his jewels.

"What does the man mean?" said the mandarin. "I never gave him any of my jewels."

"No," replied the old man, "but you let me look at them, and that is all you can do. Only you have the trouble of watching them, and I have no trouble with them."

When I see a woman proud of her social position, and not using it to do good, I think of soap-bubbles. Girls, when you go into society, take with you a loving heart, and with God in your life you will be far happier than the queen of fashion.

Heaven with its glory is real. All good and nobleness on earth are real, but pride and vanity are bubbles.

"Vanity is seen, in part,
Inscribed on every human heart;
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, glares in the man."

SERMON LIII.
WEeping WORLD.

“Weep with them that weep.”—ROM. xii, 15.

CHILDREN, did you ever see a weeping world? Sometimes we hear the wind sobbing and sighing, and then the rain comes down from cloudy, weeping skies, and the sun with his bright beams is hid. The world has many sad and sorrowing hearts in whose life there is much weeping. Some think that all life is full of sorrow. But that is not true, and these children, with their happy faces, will not believe that life is

“A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.”

There is enough of sorrow in the world that we can help with sympathy, and that is the best of all help. Even children have troubles that are worth sympathizing with.

A minister sat in his study, preparing his sermon, when his little boy came into the room, and holding up his bruised finger, said, with an expression of suffering,

“Look, pa, how I hurt it!”

The father, interrupted, glanced hastily at the finger, and with a tone of impatience said,

“I can’t help it, sonny!”

The little fellow’s eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out he said, in a low voice,

“Yes, you could; you might have said, ‘O!’”

All that little boy wanted was a kind word, to take away much of his trouble.

To "weep with them that weep" means to say kind words to those who are in trouble, and to be sorry for them.

A little girl had lost her father, and the world looked very sad as she saw it through her tears. A great many things reminded her of her loss, and often she would say,

"If papa were only here!"

Another girl was a great comfort to her. When asked how the girl comforted her, she answered,

"She just sits down with her arms around me, and cries with me."

When we "weep with them that weep" it makes us better, because it gives us the same sympathy and feeling that Jesus had. When Mary and Martha were full of sorrow, "Jesus wept" with them.

How kind and loving our Saviour was! He wants us to be like him, and so bids us "weep with them that weep."

SERMON LIV.

THIRSTING FOR THE WATER OF LIFE.

"Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. xxii, 17.

How good it is to drink water when we are thirsty. In our text God's great love and salvation is likened to water, and is called the water of life. Very few of us have felt the thirst that some men have felt.

A great company of men, called a caravan, was passing over a desert. They came to a place where they expected to find a well of water from which to drink and fill their goat-skins, for in goat-skins they carry water to use in the desert. They found that the desert storms had drifted the sand so that no well could be discovered. Many miles of burning sand were between them and the next well, and overhead was a burning sun and cloudless sky. Soon they began to suffer thirst, and in their agony they would cry, "Water! Water!" Many of them perished in the burning sands; only a few reached the next well. Suppose that at this time a large supply of water had been offered them, do you think any would have refused it? But men refuse the water of life.

Without the water of life our souls will perish. How good and kind in God to dig wells of salvation and give us the water of life!

It costs us nothing. God collects no water bills, for our text says, "Come, take the water of life *freely*." But it cost a good deal; it cost God his dear Son.

A man in Germany lived on very poor fare. All his life he seemed to be saving. The people spoke unkindly of him, and the boys in the street made fun of him. At last he died, and in his will all that he had was left to the town to bring pure water into it. He informed them in that will that he had observed their suffering for water, and had determined to deny himself so that at his death he could leave enough of money to bring the water to them. How the people praised

and blessed him when they stood by the fountain and drank of the water!

When you feel that you ought to give your heart to God, and be good, that is thirsting after the water of life. When you feel that you are a sinner, unfit for heaven, and you long to have your sins forgiven, that is thirsting after the water of life.

God speaks to you to-day and says, "Let him that is athirst come."

A man felt this thirst, but was too proud to come. One evening, after his wife had gone to a revival meeting, he was restless and walked the floor. His little girl asked,

"What ails you, pa?"

"Nothing," he said; but still he walked the floor.

The girl, in her artless way, asked,

"Pa, if you were thirsty, would you not go and get a drink of water?"

He felt that it was God saying, "Let him that is athirst come." He put his hat on, went to the meeting, and before he returned drank deeply from the water of life.

SERMON LV.

WALKING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS; OR, RELIGION IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

“Follow me.”—JOHN i, 43.

JESUS lived on earth a good many years. He was once a child that he might seem near to children. He was a boy, and so boys know that he understands them. He was a young man, and then a middle-aged man, before he suffered and died for us. God could have sent Christ to die for the world without his living so long in it; but he wanted us to see in real life one that could say, “Follow me.”

To follow him means to do in our life just what Christ would do if he were in our place.

A teacher asked four girls in her class, “What have you done this week to follow Jesus?”

The first answered, “I have prayed every day.”

“That is right,” said the teacher, “for Jesus often prayed.”

The second answered, “I have read the Bible every day.”

“That is also like Jesus,” was the teacher’s answer.

The third said, “I have been good at school.”

“Just what Jesus would have done in the same place,” was the kind reply.

The fourth girl hesitated; but at last almost whis-

pered, as if ashamed of herself, "I washed the dishes for mother."

The other girls smiled, but the kind teacher was pleased with the answer, and explained to the class that Jesus wanted us to follow him, by doing cheerfully and well all that we ought to do. "Jesus," said she, "worked at the carpenter's trade, and nobody that was ashamed of work followed him."

So dish-washing and scrubbing and helping father and mother are a part of religion, and in doing them we are serving God and making ourselves and the world better and happier.

Some children and some older people think that to be religious you must always look sober, and never play. They tell us that Jesus often wept but never was known to smile. These people do a great deal of harm to religion. Jesus went to marriages, and very often to feasts, and his whole life was a cheerful doing of duty. In following Jesus we have a great deal of happiness and joy.

A little girl heard a lady say, one day, "I think Susie is a Christian." Susie was a girl that she often played with, and she felt sad, for she thought Susie would not play any more. But the very next day Susie, all smiles, came to her and wanted to play. At play she did something that vexed her, but Susie did not speak unkindly. Her mother called her to do an errand, and, although interested in the game, she obeyed at once. Susie was a happier girl than she was before, and soon her playmate, also, wanted to be a Christian.

Children, it is good and wise to walk in the footsteps of Christ, for that will take us to where he has gone—to heaven.

“His track I see, and I’ll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.”

SERMON LVI.

THE BEST BOOK.

“The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.”—PSA. cxix, 72.

THE world is full of books. Some of them good books, some bad books, some good or bad as we use them. They are the thoughts of others, and when we read them their thoughts often become our thoughts. That is what makes the Bible so precious. It has in it the thoughts of God; and as we read them we think as God does, and then we do as we think.

But is the Bible better than *thousands of gold*? I wonder if Vanderbilt knew that. Almost every body wants gold. I once heard a man say, “Money will do any thing.” Children, it is true that money will do a great deal. It will do a great deal of bad if we so use it. It will do a great deal of good if rightly used, and that is what it was made for. We cannot get along without gold and silver; and our text speaks of them as precious, desirable things.

But the Bible is better than money, for it gives us things which gold cannot give.

1. It tells us how to be happy without gold. The happiest person I ever knew was an old lady who never had a piece of gold. She had plain food and clothes; but God talked to her in the Bible, and gave her his loving heart and forgave her sins, and took away all fear, and gave her precious promises that she knew he would keep; so she was very happy all her life. Children, I want to tell you a secret—for it seems few know it: There is far more happiness among the poor than there is among the rich. The number of those who kill themselves because they are unhappy is far greater among those who have gold than among those who have little but the Bible.

2. The Bible tell us the way to heaven, and gives us help to get there. In heaven gold is good for nothing. All its good or bad is in this world; but the Bible gives us “promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

A little girl said to her brother, “Arthur, I know the way to heaven. You must begin to go up, and keep going up, and you must not turn back; and if you do this you will surely get there.”

Going up means loving God and trusting in Christ, which will make you do right and be good. Every one that does these things will go to heaven. The Bible tells us how to do these things and how to get God to help us.

Children, did you ever see a kaleidoscope? Up hands. As you turn it around the most beautiful figures are seen. So the Bible changes every thing into

the beautiful. A priest was angry with a young woman and her brother because they read the Bible and did not come to mass any more. The woman answered, "My brother was a drunkard and a gambler, but reading the Bible has made him good and kind, and sober and honest."

Children, read the Bible, and obey it; it is "better than thousands of silver and gold."

SERMON LVII.

COOKING THE BRAIN.

A TEMPERANCE OBJECT SERMON.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl."—JOEL i, 5.

CHILDREN, in a sermon on temperance I tried to show how strong drink "biteth like a serpent." That was an object lesson in which we saw something like snakes crawling out of eggs, just as the snake alcohol crawls out of every glass of beer. To-day we have an object lesson in physiology. Do you know what the brain is? It is in the head, and is the organ with which we think.

Unless the brain is healthy we cannot think rightly, and if we cannot think rightly every thing in our life will go wrong. The brain is not only what we think with, but what we feel with. In our bodies there are a great many nerves. These all go to the brain through the center bone of the back. It is the brain that feeds

them and gives them power. So, unless the brain is healthy, the body will become diseased and at last die.

The brain is composed mostly of a substance called albumen, and is full of fine blood vessels. The white of an egg is also mostly albumen. In this small glass I put some white of an egg [breaking the end of an egg and dropping part of the white into a wine-glass]. The clear fluid in this vial which looks like water is alcohol. When we drink it in whiskey or beer it goes right to the brain, and does to it what this does to the white of the egg [pouring it into the wine-glass]. Look! Look! How thick and hard it is getting. You have seen the white of an egg cooked; the alcohol has now cooked it. Just in the same way it cooks the brain. I am sure none of these boys will want to drink whiskey or beer after seeing this. Think of having a cooked brain; it cannot think well. That is the reason why men cannot do business when they are drunk.

The brain by growth and good blood may, after a long time, get over it; but no one that drinks can have a healthy body.

Boys, if you want to grow up to be men of brains, and have great thoughts and influence, don't cook the brain with whiskey or beer.

SERMON LVIII.**HUSKS THAT THE SWINE DID EAT.**

“And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.”—LUKE XV, 16.

THIS is a story of a bad boy and a good father. It has been told thousands of times, and has done a great deal of good; for the boy represents sinful men, and the father represents our loving Father in heaven.

This boy had a good home with a great many comforts. He had a kind father, and all around him was pleasant. But he did not want to stay at home. When his way was wrong he did not have it. He wanted gay company, wine, and riotous living. Boys and girls sometimes get tired of home because they are restrained from wrong doing. Their minds are young, their lives without experience, and they don't know what is best so well as father does.

This young man had plenty of money to begin with, but it did not last long. As soon as it was gone he lost his friends. Neither sin nor money makes true friends. When the money is gone the friends which it made disappear.

He had to go to work, and, not being worth much for work, he had to take up with the poorest kind—feeding swine. In the East there are large numbers of carob trees which have large pods on them, much like our locust trees; these pods are the husks mentioned in the

text, and which the swine did eat. I hold one of them in my hand [holding up a pod of the carob tree], and will give a piece to every child in the Sabbath-school. You will see that it would be better feed for swine than corn husks.

The young man began to think of the good home that he had left—of the kind father and the plenty of good things. He thought of how wicked he had been, and how he had sinned against his father and abused his gifts. Then he said, I will go home and tell father how bad I have been, and I will do any thing and be any thing if he will only forgive me. But before he got to the house his father saw him, and ran to meet him with a glad welcome. He did not let him tell the bad things he had done, but kissed him and put new clothes on him, and gave him a grand feast.

Children, that was far more than he deserved; but that is just what God does with us when we repent of our sins and come home to him. O what a loving God he is! He does not bid us begone; but with a great loving heart he says, "My son was lost, and is found." Read the whole story, and you will find that God and all the angels rejoice when "the lost is found."

SERMON LIX**THE CATACOMBS.**

“And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.”—ISA. xxx, 21.

THE Catacombs, what are they? They are underground roads around the city of Rome. The rock is soft and spongy, and was cut out into roads and chambers in which, for three hundred years, Christians buried most of their dead. There are forty Catacombs, and the roads in them all are about five hundred miles. A great many thousands were buried there.

During the great persecutions of the Christians by the Romans the followers of Christ often hid themselves in these Catacombs and had food and drink fetched to them. They must have loved God very much.

But what I wished to impress on you is the danger of going into the Catacombs without some one to guide you. In the miles of roads, some turn to the right hand and some to the left. Were it daylight we would be perplexed and likely to lose our way; but there is no light down in the Catacombs except torches carried by the guides who know the way. One day a young man, taking a torch, left the guide, saying, “I can go alone and explore some, and will come back soon.” His torch must have gone out, and he was lost. Search

was made for him every day for many weeks, but nothing was found of him for years, when at last his bones and some rags of his clothes were found a long distance from the place where he had left the guide. Every body after that who went into the Catacombs kept close to the guide, and when they came where two roads come together, and the guide said, "This is the way," they were sure to walk in it.

Just as this young man was lost, so a great many children and youth are lost because they leave their Guide, who came from heaven to guide them, and says to them, "This is the way; walk ye in it." What a sure guide Jesus is!

This young man, when he left the guide, did not expect to be lost. He thought, By and by I will return again. Nor do any of us expect to be lost forever when we leave the Guide of our youth. But we may never be found. Our sins and our passions may be too much for us; and although Jesus is seeking the lost, we may get further and further away from him.

A little boy once said, when he felt he was a sinner, "I am lost; I can't find Jesus! O, my wicked heart!" One whispered to him, "Jesus came to seek and save the lost, and he is here to save you." How happy it should make us to know that Jesus came to seek and save the lost, and that whenever we are in trouble about the way he will say to us by his word, "This is the way; walk ye in it!"

SERMON LX.

GOD REASONING WITH MEN ABOUT THEIR SINS.

“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.”—ISA. i. 18.

CHILDREN, think of God this morning coming down to reason with us. Great kings seldom reason with those who do wrong. The one who does wrong stands trembling, while the king expresses his will. But God, who owns all the world, steps down from his throne, and, just like one of ourselves, says, Let us talk the matter over, and see what is right. What a loving, good God he is!

Men don't reason much about sin. They think closely about business and farming and money, but not about the soul. God knows that if he can only get them to reason, they will surely come to him; and so he gets as near them as they will let him, and says, “Come now, let us reason together.” Sinners seldom are happy with this great love of God, and put him off. “Not now,” they say; “at a convenient season I will call for you.”

Children don't reason much. It is too common to talk to children as if they had no sin, and were all good. God knows that their sins are not very deep, and the habit is not very strong, and that there is great hope for the children. So God comes oftener to children, saying, “Come, let us reason together.”

The other day I met some very old people, who had lived long and studied much. We reasoned together. The next day I visited a good farmer, most of whose studies were about farming, and in about a week I was among happy children who were to begin a long vacation from study that day. But I did not talk to the learned men, the farmers and the children in the same way. So God comes to the old, and the middle-aged, and the children in different ways, making himself one of them, and says to each, "Come now, let us reason together."

Children, let us think and reason. Can there be any good in sin? God is so good, his religion must be best for me.

A boy about thirteen years of age said to himself, "I want to go to heaven, and I must be a Christian. Even if I live it will be easier to give my heart to God now than it will be next year. If I become a Christian the good will grow in me stronger and stronger, till it is easy to be good." That was reasoning with God.

A girl, a little older, also reasoned. She said, "I want to be a Christian. I like religion in the lives of others, but I want it for its own sweet self. I am not what I want to be. My sins are like scarlet; God says he will make them white as snow. I would be like God, and fit for heaven. I am not now happy in trying to be like him. There is something wrong about me, and he wants to make it right, or he never would have sent Christ. I want to be a Christian."

That was letting God get near enough to reason with her. Hear him, children, as he talks to us to-day: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

SERMON LXI.

THE HEART'S DECEIT.

"The heart is deceitful above all things."—JER. xvii, 9.

CHILDREN, you are beginning to learn that there is a great deal of deceiving and make-believe in the world. A few days ago I was going through our little park, and found some children in a little children's play-house. In answer to a question a bright-eyed little girl looked up, and said, "O, we are playing at *make-believe*." I have been since thinking, "How quick you children learn of the '*make-believe*' that is in the world, most of it so thin that it does not even deceive!"

When people deceive they generally know that it is wrong and sinful. But often it is put in such a shape that the deceitful heart leads them to think that it is not wrong.

When we tell one side of the thing, or only part of the truth, and so deceive others, it is just as much a lie as if we told no truth. It is often a more dangerous lie, for people believe it more readily because of the truth it contains.

"Now, Russell," said little Mary, "now, Russell, just you remember, never, never to tell me another of your

wrong-side-out stories.” That name of little **Mary’s** is about correct. Wrong-side-out stories put the best side out in order to deceive, while our heart whispers, “That is true, every word of it.”

Children, don’t let the heart deceive you by telling wrong-side-out stories!

A little girl one day broke a vase. She put it back with the pieces all in their place, and leaned it against the wall. It looked as if it were all right when her mother looked at it. She told a lie without speaking, and deceived her mother. The girl came in and began to sweep, when the vase fell down, and the mother thought the girl must have been careless. So two lies were told without speaking, and the last was the worst.

Children, take care of the heart. The only way to keep it right is to give it a good master. God says to us, “Give me thine heart.” If we do, he will so fill it with right and good that it will not love or make a lie.

SERMON LXII.

THE ANGELS AND SHEPHERDS.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

“And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field. . . . And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings.”—LUKE ii, 8.

WE all like to hear good news, but most of all when things are going badly. The angels who come from heaven every day to care for us are not often seen, for

it must be something wonderful and great to bring them, like this one, to talk with us on earth. This angel came to tell the shepherds that Christ was born. When we have very good news, and are happy ourselves, we want to tell every body. It does us good to tell it. So the angels wanted to tell the good news. Perhaps they asked to fly down and tell the shepherds how the King of angels, in whose service they were so happy, had come down to make them happy. Perhaps Daniel and Isaiah were among them, who had told us hundreds of years before that this good time was coming.

Just as soon as they were told to go to earth they swept down on the wondering shepherds with the glory of the Lord around them. And as soon as one of them told the glad tidings, "A multitude of the heavenly host" sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" The angels were happy, and the shepherds were happy, and we are happy to-day as it brings anew to us the "glad tidings of great joy." Who can help singing with the angels to-day?

How much we ought to thank Him for this great love which comes to our thoughts on Christmas day! In England the church bells are ringing out the joy of the people, and the children sing Christmas carols. Every bell seems to tell us something about these glad tidings. Listen to the bells. First bell rings out, "God is love! God is love!! God is love!!!" Second bell rings "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Third bell, "I have no greater joy than to hear that

my children walk in the truth." Yes, children, God and the angels are all joyful when you do right. Fourth bell rings out, "Ye are of God, little children!" Is that true? Listen! "Ye are of God, little children!"

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

SERMON LXIII.

THE STAR AND THE FRIGHTENED KING.

CHRISTMAS SERMON.

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. When Herod the king heard these things he was troubled."—MATT. ii, 2, 3.

For a great many years it was believed that a great king—greater than any that had yet appeared—was to be born. There were many men who studied the stars, and who knew so much more than other men that they were called "wise men." Some of these saw a remarkable star that they judged told them that this great king was about to be born, so they came to Jerusalem. Where should they expect the king to be born but in the king's house? When they reached Jerusalem no new-born king was there. The king's

name who lived in that city was Herod. He was a wicked, cruel, jealous man, who had slain a great many people, among them his own wife and children, because he thought they were plotting to take from him his kingdom.

Now this king is frightened at the birth of a babe. He thinks that this child has come to take his kingdom, when he only came to be "the King of truth." Sin makes men afraid, for they know that God is against them, and what is good in man is against them.

These wise men found out that this king was to be born in Bethlehem, and Herod sent them there, pretending that he wanted to worship the new king, but intending to kill him. Men who are great in the world are often afraid of Christ. They think that he wishes to take away their good things and make them unhappy, when he only wants to change their bad hearts and fit them for heaven.

The wise men would never have thought of the place where this King was born had not the star appeared to them and guided them. They would have gone to the finest house in the village, expecting him to be born there. But so poor was the mother of Christ that he was born in a stable, and slept in a manger. He came from heaven to this world poor and humble, that even you children need not be afraid of him.

But this child is a King. He made the world, but now he reigns only in the hearts of men. Other kings have armies and constables and drums and trumpets, showing their kingdoms to be upheld by force; but

Christ's kingdom of truth is God's great love in our hearts, which makes us love our King.

“O star which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Where art thou? 'Mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set;
Thy rays earth may not dim:
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to him!”

SERMON LXIV.

SERMON ON RETURN FROM VACATION.

“That which I have seen I will declare.”—JOB xv, 17.

I AM glad to see these children this morning. My vacation was short; yours will last a long time yet. All you children have been on the railroad cars. What a pleasant thing it is to travel. Children like it; they like to feel the train going faster and faster till it seems like flying. There is a joy in motion—in progress—that we will feel forever.

A girl attended a Sabbath-school which was full of activity. Her mother wished her to attend another Sabbath-school. The girl pleaded to be allowed to attend the one she liked best; and when her mother asked,

“Why do you want to go there?”

The girl replied,

“Ma, I like to go where they make things buzz.”

At every station new and happy faces came into the cars. Some were going to make a visit, and were all excited with the change and the expectation of seeing friends. Some were going back, and thinking of “home, sweet, sweet home;” others were going to a picnic, with baskets full of good things. What a happiness there is in life—in conscious existence! The world is not all a fleeting show, but full of good as well as bad. It belongs to our Father.

“We’re marching through Immanuel’s ground
To fairer worlds on high.”

On we went through the city; on, on, till we came to the beautiful Seneca lake, with the Hector hills on the other side, and the steamboat, a thing of beauty, and like a thing of life, moving through the water. Still we move and roll through Elmira and down the beautiful Chemung River. At Waverly we began to go up one of the finest of our rivers, the Susquehanna. Its waters sparkled in the sun, and the cattle seemed all happy feeding in the pastures. At Newark valley we went back on the hills with fine rolling farms. I visited the school, full of happy faces and barefooted children. When I told them that it was a great thing to be children, I think none of them believed it; for when I asked all who wanted to be men and women to hold up their hands, a hand of every one in the school went up. Children they did not want to be, they had enough of that.

But I explained that it was good to be children, so that we might start in life right. To show this I did this sum on the blackboard in long division:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 15)4560(310\frac{2}{3} \\
 \underline{44} \\
 16 \\
 \underline{15} \\
 10
 \end{array}$$

“Is that right?” I asked.

“No,” answered a girl.

“Three times 15 is 45.”

So I changed it to 45. But a boy cried,

“It’s all wrong.”

“That is true,” I said.

I made one little mistake in the beginning, and that mistake ran through it all. So it is in life. Be careful in the beginning of life and be right, for a mistake made then will be apt to make life all wrong.

SERMON LXV.

GOD’S FAMILY OF ANIMALS.

“For every beast of the field is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine.”—PSA. I, 10, 11.

WHAT a great family of animals belong to God. He is good to them all, providing for them and taking care of them. God wants us to do just as he does, and not

be cruel to animals. I have known boys to be cruel in their sports, and do to these creatures what they would not do to boys. If the animals could only speak, what stories of cruelty and injustice they would tell. God did give one animal the power of speech, and the story it told put its master to shame.

A wicked man, called Balaam, was riding on an ass on his way to curse God's people. The angel of the Lord met him in the way and would have destroyed him. He did not see the angel, but the poor beast which he rode saw him, and turned out of the way and saved his master's life. Balaam smote him, and "the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbade the madness of the prophet."

This great family of animals which belong to God has been given by him to us that they may serve and bless us. When God made man in his own image he said, "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle."

What a want there would be in the world if there were no cows or sheep to give us milk, meat, and clothing. And what a noble servant the horse is, to cultivate our fields, to carry our burdens and ourselves.

A few days ago I saw a man whipping one of these servants unmercifully. He said the horse was obstinate.

I said to him, "Deal gently with him; he does not know as much as you do; he does not know what you want him to do. Be patient, and he will learn."

How patient and obedient most of these good serv-

ants are ! Be kind to them and they will pay you back in service and affection.

What shall we give God for his gift of these servants ? He only asks us to love and obey him, which we ought to do, even if he had not given us these. He is not a hard or cruel master, but deals gently with us. Often we are wayward, stubborn, and displease him ; but he reasons with us, and shows us his love, and forgives us. Children, join with me in a short prayer :

O Lord, help me to love and obey thee for all thy gifts to us ; help me to be gentle—not cruel—to all the animals that serve us.

SERMON LXVI.

STRENGTH OF SITTING STILL.

“ Their strength is to sit still.”—ISA. xxx, 7.

CHILDREN, who was the strongest man ? “ Sampson,” says a boy. He was strong in his arms and muscles, but not so strong as Jumbo or a steam engine. He did not do as much as Paul or John to make the world better, because he was not so patient and enduring.

There is strength, often, in sitting still and allowing God and others to do something. It is hard for children to sit still. They want to do things at once. That is right at most times, but there are times when activity is unwise and unpleasant. Suppose the bees came out of their hives in winter ! So there is a

time when the strength of bees, birds, and squirrels is to sit still.

Moses thought he would show his strength and power. He was a great prince in the land of Egypt. His brethren were oppressed. He wished to put himself at their head and work for their freedom. But the people were not ready, and so he had to fly into the wilderness and wait and *sit still*, till God thought best to help him. When Moses did go back he did not kill an Egyptian in secret, but he just let God work. To wait and sit still at the proper time is one of the secrets of success in life. The other day, when the blessed rain came on the dry fields, the farmers did not rush to work. I was with one of them in the porch of his house. We both sat still, happy that God was doing his part of the work.

We often hinder, instead of help, when others should work, or when it is God's time to work. God wants us to work when he tells what to do; but when it is his time to work, he says, "Be still, and know that I am God." Often in life we do all that we can do, and wonder how any good can come out of it, and fret because we cannot do more, and don't trust God to do any thing, when he is just waiting to show us how weak we are, and that we cannot do it all without his help.

How much fret, impatience, and wrong there is in the world that would not be there if we only learned that there is often strength in sitting still! A family was very loving to each other. They were very happy in each other's love. One of them was asked the secret

of their happiness, and answered, "It is all in being patient with each other, and waiting on and for each other."

Children, sit still when the storms of passion and sin come. It is best to take in all the sails, and, as sailors say, "Lie to." It is dangerous in a storm for a ship to be top heavy. Sit still and shun all the bad things of life. Sit still and hear the word of God, for it is God who is speaking. Learn the strength of sitting still.

SERMON LXVII.

POLITICS.

PREACHED AT EAST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y., AUGUST 10, 1884.

"Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom."—
1 SAM. x, 25.

CHILDREN, what is politics? "Craziness," did one say? Sometimes it looks like that; for men do things in politics that they would not do at other times. Is it getting into office? That cannot be all of it, for only a few get into office. Men, when they get into politics, often get into a whirl of excitement; so that they don't realize how their words sound or how their actions appear. Politics is right, if we only keep right.

Children, in this great country you will, in a few years, have to study great questions about government, and you will feel interested in them. Other persons

will disagree with you, and there will be meetings and speeches. Now, if you and your neighbors will talk about it as you do about the best kind of crops, the best time to plant them, and the best way to take care of them, that will be sensible politics. But you must never get excited as some of these old people do. That will not convince any one, but only make unkind feelings.

Two men were talking on politics. They got very excited, and one called the other hard names. When he came to himself—for he was not himself—he was very sorry. He said, “I will go and beg his pardon.” That was right and sensible. He met the neighbor, and expressed to him his sorrow. “Just think,” said he, “of my telling my neighbor that he lied, and did not know any thing! But every time I talk with you on politics you *talk so foolishly* that I forget myself.”

Children, nowhere do we need to watch ourselves so much as in politics. I trust these older people will be helped to a kind spirit by this little sermon.

SERMON LXVIII.

MERCHANTS.

“For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver.”—PROV. iii, 14.

CHILDREN, did you ever play at store-keeping? That is a very interesting game, for it teaches us business. Every store-keeper is a merchant. It is his

business to buy goods, and then to sell them to any one who wishes them and has money to buy.

The merchant sells his goods for more than he gives for them; it is right that he should have a profit. In life we are all merchants, trading with each other and with God; for every thing we do or say is sure to come back to us with profit. If we trade in good things we get good things; but if we trade in bad things we get bad things back again.

I knew a little girl who snapped at every body almost like a dog. Nobody liked her. She traded in snaps, and grew crosser all the time; for she got back what she gave with a profit.

Two boys were playing one day. One of them said,
"It is my turn."

The other said,

"No, it is mine."

The first said,

"You lie!" and in a minute more they were fighting like savage dogs. Both got back what they gave.

A little girl was asked why every body loved her.

She answered,

"I don't know, but I love every body."

She traded in sweetness and goodness, and it came back to her.

A little girl that I knew felt that Jesus had pardoned her sins. She wrote a letter to another little girl. It was a sweet and loving letter, which led the other to Christ. That was good trading.

God wants all our good to come back to us with

profit. He says, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

God wants our hearts, and if we only give them to him he will make them all right.

A lady had a girl work for her. One day the lady lost her temper, and afterward, ashamed of it, told the girl.

The girl said,

"I am sorry for you. I used to have a bad temper, but I traded it to Christ, and he gave me his own for it."

God always gives us good bargains if we trade with him.

SERMON LXIX.

LETTING THE TRUTH SLIP.

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."—
HEB. ii, 1.

CHILDREN, do you know the meaning of letting things slip? Take up a handful of sand and let it slip through your fingers. That is just the way that good things sometimes slip away from us. We don't throw it away harshly; we seem even to want it to stay; but we let it slip away through our fingers, because we don't give "earnest heed" to it.

A man once had a good opportunity to honestly make a good deal of money, but he let the opportunity slip, and was all his life poor.

A boy once heard the text, "My son, give me thine heart." He felt he ought to do it, but he let the truth slip. He became a young man, went to college, and came back a fine scholar.

Again he heard the text, "My son, give me thine heart."

He said, "I ought to do that," but he let the truth slip.

He became a great statesman and heard the applause of the world.

One day in a church in England, far from his home, the minister read the words, "My son, give me thine heart." The statesman was startled.

"At three periods of my life I have heard that voice," was his inward thought. "I must become a Christian." But other thoughts came in, and he let the truth slip.

Children, you sometimes feel as that boy did. When the truth comes to you in that way, don't let it slip.

Young people, you sometimes feel as that young man from college did. When God's truth comes to you, don't let it slip.

These older people often feel as that statesman did. It is time for them, at least, to give more earnest heed. Don't let the truth slip.

"When I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do!
I'll be great, and good, and noble, and true ;

I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—
No one shall ever be turned from my door.

But I'm only a little girl now.'

And so the years pass on!

"'When I'm older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime;
My time is now full of studies and play,
But I really mean to begin some day.

I am only a little girl now.'

And so the years pass on!

"'When I'm a woman,' a gay maiden said,
'I'll try to do right, and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys;

But I'm only a young girl now.'

And so the years pass on!

"'Ah me!' sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears;
'I've kept putting off the time to be good,
Instead of *beginning* to do as I should;

And I'm an old woman now.'

And so the years pass on!

"*Now* is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright,
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above,

And you will be happy now,

And as years pass on."

SERMON LXX.**KING BRAMBLE.**

"Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us."—JUDGES ix, 14.

CHILDREN, this is a parable. The trees mean men, and the trees of Lebanon meant the men of Israel. The great trees wanted a king. The good trees did not want the office. That is very often true now; it is often the schemers—the ones that should not get office—that work for it. So here the ugly bramble-bush wants to be the king of the trees.

Every boy has something that he allows to rule over him. It is that which he loves most. Some of these kings are no better than brambles, which tear those who go near them. They are uncomfortable and dangerous to all who are ruled by them.

I met two young men some time ago. They were smoking cigars, and were so noisy and unsteady in their walk that I knew they were intoxicated. Their king was strong drink. What a bramble that is! How foolish to make him king! He would soon tear all the good and happiness out of their lives, and leave them no hope for the life which is to come.

Men make riches their king. Would you like to be rich, children? I believe every one of you would like that. It would not be wrong, although the rich are not the happiest. A good man in the Bible prays, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." That is the

happiest and best. Riches are not bad in themselves, unless you make them your king and allow them to rule over you. Then they are nothing but a bramble.

A child saw a rose and cried "Pretty, pretty!" but as it grasped it the thorns pricked its little hand. So the bramble of riches has a great many thorns. Benjamin Franklin saw a boy looking at a plate of apples as if he wanted them. The biggest was given him, but he wanted more. Another was given, and that filled his hands, but he still looked at the plate. Franklin gave him the third, when they all rolled on the floor, and the little fellow sat down and cried. "There," said Franklin, "is a little man who has more wealth than he can enjoy."

Get money to enjoy it. The best and sweetest enjoyment is to use it well by doing good with it.

SERMON LXXI.

KING BRAMBLE.—CONTINUED.

"Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us."—JUDGES ix, 14.

CHILDREN, in the last sermon we learned that every body had a king that ruled him, and that some of these kings were no better than brambles. Boys, if you went fishing you would not get your fishing-pole from a bramble-bush. It would be too weak; and then the

thorns! You would not want to play with it, or take it to bed with you. Some do take their bramble kings to bed with them, but it is not comfortable.

I knew a little girl who had a bad temper for king. He was a hard king, and ruled her completely, pulling the little muscle strings in her face till she looked horrid. He was a bramble king.

I knew a boy that made indolence his king. He was a lazy boy. He never wanted to help his mother when little, nor his father when he had grown larger. He did not like to go to school, and was almost afraid of growing to be a man, lest he would have to work. Well, he might grow as tall as a man, but the lazy boy never is a man till he dethrones that bramble king.

I wish to impress on you a great truth. Every thing that is bad, if we love it and allow it to rule us, is a dangerous, uncomfortable bramble king. Such a king will give us great trouble in life, and, if not dethroned, spoil the life to come.

If we have Christ as our King his reign will make us happy.

“ All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.”

SERMON LXXII.
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A TALK ON CHILDREN'S DAY.

CHILDREN, I am happy to meet you to-day among the birds and flowers, and to hear you speak and sing. I am happy to know that your money will be given to-day to train the thinkers of the world in Christian schools and colleges.

A school is the training-place where we learn, and a good Sunday-school is where we learn about God and the soul, and hereafter, and what we should do and be now. Are not all Sunday-schools good? No! A good many persons go to bad Sunday-schools, and are by them trained in bad things.

One Sabbath, away from home, not able to walk over a mile to church, I walked a little distance along the road. I came upon four young men in the corner of the fence, under a tree, smoking and playing cards. I said, "Good morning; you are having Sunday-school." They looked up, surprised and ashamed. Glancing at the cards in their hands, I continued, "And these are your Sunday-school books. Who is your teacher?" They were greatly ashamed; but they were certainly at Sunday-school, learning and being trained in evil.

Last Sabbath, on my way to church, I saw some young men sitting on empty boxes near the hotel. I said to myself, "They are having Sunday-school, and they have teachers that are training them."

Our Sunday-school is not like that. We have a nicer place, so comfortable and clean, and nicer books than cards, which are the devil's pictures.

We have also a kind and loving superintendent, officers and teachers. They work hard for us, studying and teaching, and they do it all for nothing. They deserve our love. God help them to speak to us! Did you never hear God speak? When a boy I read the story of little Samuel—of how God spoke to him and told him wonderful things. I used to wish that God would speak to me. Does he never speak? He does; in our Sunday-schools he speaks to us in all our lessons. Think of this, children, when you come to Sunday-school.

“Jesus, let a little child

Humbly supplicate thy throne;

Speak to me in accents mild,

O thou great and holy One!

Fill my youthful heart with grace,

Make it thy beloved abode;

Show thy reconciling face,

O my Father and my God!

May I early learn thy ways,

Early know thy power and love;

Then devote to thee my days,

Till I am removed above.”

SERMON LXXIII.

WISHES.

“Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad.”—1 KINGS iii, 9.

CHILDREN, last Sabbath I said that when I met you during the week I would ask you what you wished for most. How many have during the week wished? Up hands. All of you have been wishing. O if I could only sit down with you and hear what these wishes were! I am sure that they are more sensible than some of the wishes of the older people. Well, I heard some of them during the week, and most of them were good. Only three were a little funny. A boy wished that he were as big as I am, and then he would be a man. That was a natural wish; but every one as big as I am is not a man. I have seen boys that had more manliness than some men forty years old. A girl wished she had plenty of dresses. I told her that then she would not be as beautiful as the flowers in my garden. A very little girl wished she could fly; which was childish, but more sensible than the other. But a good many wished somewhat like Solomon in the text.

There is a fable about the wish of a king. He wanted gold; so he wished that every thing he touched would turn into gold. The fable says that this wish was granted and he was happy. But he soon began to regret the gift. In the garden he plucked a rose to smell

it; it turned to gold and lost its perfume. Hungry, he sat down to dinner, but it all turned to gold. He saw others eat, but he could not. He took his little girl in his lap; she turned to gold. He went to bed, and that turned to gold. He was very glad to give up the wish.

Solomon was wiser than all this. He wished for wisdom, that he might be able to do right; he knew that this would make him happier than money. God gave him his wish and gave him money also. So, with wisdom, if you ask for it, he will also give you the good things of this life.

SERMON LXXIV.

THE LORD THINKING OF ME.

“But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.”—
PSA. xl, 17.

WHAT a wonderful thing that God should think upon us! A little girl was away from home at school. She was a little homesick, when she received a letter from her father full of loving words. Among other words were these, “We think of you often every day.” How glad it made her sad heart to know that they were thinking of her—for she had been thinking of them. But the great God thinks upon us when we do not think upon him.

God not only thinks upon us, but his are precious

thoughts toward us. He is thinking every day of how he can do us good and make us happy.

A father had a son that he loved very dearly. Long before the son was able to think much his father was planning his life for him. His thoughts were to have him great and noble and good and happy. The son grew up, but did not always follow his father's plan; so by his acts it was partly broken up, and the son was not as great and good as he might have been.

God thinks of us more than that father thought of his son. He plans for us, and wants us to be good and great and noble. If we are not all that, it is because we do not follow God's precious thoughts toward us.

A little boy reading the Testament said to his mother, "Ma, that text reads 'God is love.' Should it not be 'God does love?'"

"No, my son," was the answer, "God does love, for we know he loves us. The sun gives light, not because it feels that it ought to do it, but because it is light itself; so God loves us because he 'is love.'"

Children, think every day that God is thinking loving thoughts of you, and then you will think loving thoughts about him. Write down this week all your good thoughts about God and about people. It will do you good, and make you more like God.

SERMON LXXV.**WHAT HAST THOU IN THE HOUSE?**

"And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house? And she said, Thine handmaid hath not any thing in the house, save a pot of oil."—2 KINGS iv, 2.

ELISHA was a prophet of the Lord. This woman was a poor widow, in debt, and her sons were about to be sold to pay it. The prophet worked a miracle for her relief by increasing what she had. The pot of olive oil poured out filled all the vessels that the widow had and all that she had borrowed from her neighbors. God did not give oil where there was none; he only increased what the widow had.

Children, we see in this miracle the way that God is working every-where. He does not work a miracle for us, but by his Spirit and his wise laws he increases every good thing in us if we do not hinder.

A farmer has three fields to sow. He does not sow with whatever seed comes to his hand, saying, It matters not; the rain and sun will give me a crop. He studies the fields. "That field," he says, "is good for wheat, that other will do better for oats, and the last is more suited for potatoes." As the farmer makes the best out of his fields so God is making the best he can out of us.

Were you ever in a pottery, children? The potter takes a piece of clay. He wants to make the most

out of it; and if he could make a beautiful vase out of it he would, but if he finds the clay is so that it can best be made into a butter jar he will make that. In the Bible men are likened unto the clay, while God is making the best vessel he can out of it.

God's work with us depends on what we have in the house—that is, upon our organization and surroundings, which he uses. He asks, "What is there in the house?" "What is there to work on and increase? What is there to restrain and keep under? What powers are now misdirected, and to which I can give a better object?" These boys will not all be Washingtons, nor these girls all become like Miss Nightingale; but all have some elements in their organization which, with God's help, will increase like the oil, and make them happy and useful.

A boy wanted to be a merchant, and urged his father to sell the farm. He would no doubt have failed in life had his father not judged him better than he did himself; but he made a better farmer than most of his neighbors. The elements that made success in farming were what he had in the house—in him—and they grew just like the widow's oil. I have known several ministers who failed, but who would have succeeded well as farmers.

The father of a young man wanted to make a lawyer, minister, or physician of him. The son studied law some time; then with disgust gave it up and studied to be a physician. After several years sickly practice

the death of his father gave him a farm. From that time he succeeded in life.

Half of our girls want to be musicians or school-teachers, and neglect that for which they are best fitted—house-keeping. The possibilities of life should be studied by these boys, girls, young people, and parents. We may make a great thing—a beautiful thing of life, and in it lay the foundation of eternal happiness, by a proper use of what we are, and restraining the things in us that need watching.

There is something that you all have: a heart to love, and a wealth of affection which should have God for its center. He is ready to increase all that ought to grow, and help us to root up the weeds.

NOTE.—This sermon was preached in East Bloomfield, N. Y., especially to the *young* and the children.

SERMON LXXVI.

THE GIANT-KILLER.

"These were born unto the giant in Gath; and they fell by the hand of David, and by the hand of his servants."—1 CHRON. xx, 8.

WHEN a boy I read the stories of *Jack the Giant-Killer*. I thought they were true, and had happened just as they read; now I believe that the giants meant the bad but strong things that we have to fight against in life. But the giants in the text were real giants. If you read the seventeenth chapter of first Samuel

you will find the story of the giant Goliath, and the battle with young David, who killed him. You will find that he was as big and strong as two common men. Giants are big and strong, and hard to kill.

The giants that I will talk of are not men, but *things* in and around us that are often too strong for us, and are hard to kill. One of the great things in life is the battle we fight with these giants, and if, like David, we don't kill them, they will make us their slaves.

Bad temper is a strong and troublesome giant. How many of you are the slaves of this giant? I did not expect to see any hands go up, for we don't like to confess these things. This giant is sometimes very noisy; he kicks, and sulks, and says naughty things. He is hard to kill. This giant gets up a great many breezes, and is a very hard master. Suppose a boy walked all day with a stone in his shoe, or a girl with a pin pricking. Bad temper is more uncomfortable than these. A boy had a little brother who took some of his playthings. He took them from him again. Baby, who thought it was all play, reached out his little hand and took them again. The giant Bad Temper said, "Hit him." He struck his little brother so hard that ever after he was blind of an eye. That boy, finally, with God's help, killed the giant; but in after years, every time he looked at his brother, he felt sad. Mischief is the brother of cruelty. He is a selfish giant. He does not care for the rights or feelings of others. An old lady walking down the street was tripped up by a cord which some boys had placed

there, and broke her limb. It was never known who they were, for mischief makes cowards. How they must have felt, weeks afterward, when they saw the good old lady walking on crutches and thought of all her pain and suffering! If any of you are ruled by this giant, kill him.

Indolence is another giant. Do you know any lazy children? They don't want to go to school; they use the words "I can't" very often. Girls of this kind want mother to do the work. Better kill this giant.

Then there are all the bad habits that are born to the giant, and, beginning small, grow to be giants—tobacco, beer, and many other things.

How can we kill the giants? We need help from God, like David, for the giants are big and strong. Then we must do all we can ourselves. God and you together will be able to kill any giant. If you ask him he will help you; without him the giants will be too strong for you.

SERMON LXXVII.

GOD MAKING MAN.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."—GEN. ii, 7.

CHILDREN, of what does the text say God made man? "Of the dust," says a little girl. Here is a piece of clay. Suppose I make a clay man, as the boys

make a snow man in winter; could he talk, and eat, and think, and cry, and be good? What is wanting? Life! What is life? That is a question that old people cannot answer. God, who made it, only knows. Now here is something that has life [holding up a small flower-pot with a plant in it]. It grows and eats and feels, for the sensitive plant only shows that all plants feel some. But it does not think. So it needs more than life to make the clay a man—he must think and talk. How many of you have a dog or kitten at home? Up hands. More girls than boys seem to have pets. The dog has life, and can speak. He asks, sometimes, for his dinner. He barks, and says to strangers, “Keep away,” and thinks a little. Does having life and thinking a little, and talking in its way, make the dog a man? What more does he need? A soul! Our text tells us that after God had made the body of man he breathed his own breath into him, or “the breath of life, and man became a living soul.” And so we are told in the first chapter that God made man in his own image.

Now what makes the difference in the things that we have named? 1. The clay had no life. 2. The flower has life, but cannot think. 3. The dog can think a little, but having no soul cannot know about God and heaven and eternity. 4. God breathed into man the breath of life and gave him a soul.

If we are like God in being we ought to live like him.

Think, boys and girls, what a wonderful being God

has given you. Help him in his plan to make you all that you should be—noble Christian men and women!

SERMON LXXVIII.

MAN MADE.

“So God created man in his own image.”—GEN. i, 27.

ONE of the questions asked me when a child was, “Who made you?” I used to feel very solemn as I answered, “God.” We cannot understand who he is or how he made us, but the world is full of his work, and we cannot well help believing in him.

You remember the sermon about the watch. To-day we will use another object. Here is something made by a little girl [holding up a piece of quilting]. How do you know that it was made by a little girl? It is not as perfect as some work done by old people; it is a girl’s work, and whoever made it can think, for it has plan and purpose in it. It was made for something.

Ah! here is something else [holding up a beautiful doll]. No little girl made this. This is not a rag baby. See its beautiful hair and its peach-colored cheeks; and then its eyes; how bright they are, moving as if the doll was alive! How many of you have ever seen a doll-maker? Not a hand goes up! Nobody has ever seen the maker. Perhaps there is no doll-maker; perhaps it grew. You laugh at that, but that is laughing at the man who does not believe that God made man.

These boys and girls have finer heads than this doll, and brighter eyes—just see how they ripple over with smiles—and mouth, and tongue, etc. They were *made*. They were made for something. Was the head made just for fine bonnets? And the eyes, were they made just to watch folks? And the mouth and tongue, were they made to tattle? However they are used we know they were made for good, for we see good planned in them, so that they must first have been planned by some one, even if he, like the doll-maker, has never been seen by us.

God is. God is here. God is every-where, seeking to do us good. Let us now worship him!

SERMON LXXIX.

DANIEL'S PURPOSE.

“But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.”—DAN. i, 8.

EVERY boy and girl should study the life and character of Daniel. He was a noble boy and young man, for what the boy is we may expect the man to be. Daniel became a great and good man.

When a boy there had been great battles, and many of his people had been killed; he, with others, was carried away as a slave to Babylon.

He was among the heathen, but he had learned to do

right because it was right. Some people do right because it is their interest to do so. We ought to do right even if it seems to be a loss to us. So Daniel gave up eating meat and other nice things, not because he had no desire for these things, but because they were often offered to idols, or they were unclean meats.

In England, where they burn soft coal, they have large and often crooked flues to their chimneys. I remember when boys were employed to go down them to sweep out the soot.

A boy was sent to the house of a rich lady to sweep the chimney. In a room he saw a gold watch. He took it in his hands and said, "I wish I had one, but if I take it I will be a thief; but no one sees me. *No one!* Does not God see me? Could I say my prayers if I took this? I would rather do right than be rich and be a rogue." Saying this, he laid down the watch.

The rich countess, who was in the next room, heard every word, and sent for him the next day. When she mentioned the watch the boy fell on his knees.

The lady bade him rise, saying,

"I heard every word. If you will come to me I will take care of you and educate you."

Daniel gave up pleasant things because it was right to give them up.

Children, it is very hard to give up pleasant things; but if it is right to do it we will be happy in the sacrifice and prosperous in the end.

Daniel had a purpose in life. Some boys lean too much on father. He does all the planning and nearly

all the work. What kind of men will such boys make? Answer this question by thinking about it. Some girls lean too much on mother, allowing her to do the drudgery while they dress, play on the piano, and do ornamental work. What kind of house-keepers will they make? is a question for the girls to think about.

Daniel's great purpose was to serve God. If we do that well he will give us wisdom, so that all other matters of life will prosper. If we seek the kingdom of heaven all other things will be added to that.

SERMON LXXX.

DANIEL AND THE LIONS.

"Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions."—DAN. vi, 16.

CHILDREN, did you ever see a lion? He is a strong, powerful animal that lives by killing and eating other animals, and also men if he can get them. Because of his strength and courage he is called the king of beasts.

Not long ago, in a collection of animals, where they were kept in iron cages, a boy got too near, when the lion reached out his paw and tore the hair from the boy's head.

Just think of being cast into a den of lions.

Daniel had become an old man, but he was very much what we found him to be when he was a boy.

Boys are good to make men out of; but if the work of making does not begin when he is a boy it is not likely that he will ever be much of a man.

Because Daniel was good and wise he was made, next to the king, the greatest man in the world. Others were envious of him and resolved to ruin and destroy him. They went to the king and, after flattering and praising him, asked him to make a law that nobody should ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days except of the king. The king, persuaded by their flattery, made the law, never thinking that it would hurt his friend Daniel. The king could make the law, but, according to the Medes and Persians' constitution, he could not unmake it.

When Daniel knew that the law was signed he opened his windows as usual and prayed to the God of heaven. His enemies demanded that he should be cast into the lions' den. The king pleaded for his life; but there was the law. Read all the story at home, and you will be pleased with Daniel's deliverance.

Daniel had courage. That is a manly thing. What is it?

One day I heard boys trying to set two of their companions to fighting. One said,

"I would not be a coward."

Another said, "He called you names."

Soon they were fighting.

Was that courage? No. A boy that will fight for that is a coward. He is afraid that he will be called

a coward—afraid that other boys will think that he is afraid. You see that is not courage. Do right if all the boys and girls in the school should make fun of you for doing it; that is the courage of Daniel.

A boy used to pray. His father, who was very wicked, whipped him for it; several times he was whipped. At last his father ordered him to leave the house. He packed up his things, kissed his mother and little sister, and then turning to his father, said,

“Father, I will always pray for you.”

Before he got to the foot of the street the father brought him back, saying,

“You may pray all you wish to, and pray for me, your wicked father.”

That was a boy of true courage.

Another boy had become a Christian, joined the church, and had received the communion. Next day, at school recess, one of the boys said, “O, here is the boy Christian!”

Eddie faced them and answered, “Yes, boys, I am trying to be a Christian; is not that right?”

That was true courage.

SERMON LXXXI.**ANGELS WAITING ON US.**

“For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.”—PSA. xci, 11, 12.

CHILDREN, angels are good and loving spirits, whose home is in heaven, but who often come to earth, although we may not see them.

Do angels work? Yes; we are told that they are ministering spirits. That means that they are waiters and servants to God’s people on earth. Their work is not toil that has weariness in it. How happy the bees are in their work! They never strike for wages, nor do they need any one to drive them to their work; but, singing in the sunshine, a bee’s work is a bee’s joy. So an angel’s work is an angel’s joy; for it is doing good to others and obeying God.

The angels were seen by Abraham and Lot, by Jacob and Moses, and a great many others in the Old Testament. In the New Testament they were seen by Mary, Peter, Paul, and John, and many others. When Christ was in his great agony an angel came to strengthen his human nature.

But they are with us every day to help us, even if we do not see them. The king of Syria sent a great many soldiers to take the prophet Elisha. The village he lived in was built on a hill, and these soldiers sur-

rounded it so that Elisha might not escape. In the morning, when the servant of the prophet saw them, he was very much afraid; but Elisha prayed, and God opened his servant's eyes so that he could see the angels. He found out that there were more angels sent by the Lord to help them than there were soldiers.

A little boy asked his mother to let him take his little sister out to play. His mother gave her consent, but charged him not to let his sister fall. I found them happy in a field, but to get there they had to pass over a piece of very stony ground.

"How did sister walk over these stones?" I asked.

"O!" said the boy, "with my hands under her arms I lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her foot against it."

That is just what the text says the angels do. He gives his angels charge over us just as that mother did. They are to bear us up in their hands, lest we stumble over the hard and trying stones that are in the path of life.

Some people have foolish notions about spirits coming to us. That is not what is meant by the angels. They are here to-day, and would be glad if some one would repent of his sins and serve the Lord.

"CHILDHOOD'S DREAM.

"Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her head,
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee.

‘Mamma,’ said she, ‘when I go to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And he comes and carries it far away
To the beautiful home where his angels stay.
I gather red roses and lilies so white;
I sing with the angels through all the long night;
And when, in the morning, I awake from my sleep,
He gives back the soul I gave him to keep,
And I only remember like beautiful dreams
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams.’”

SERMON LXXXII.

CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

“Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”—2 TIM.
ii, 3.

CHILDREN, the Crusades were religious wars, to conquer, from the Turks, Jerusalem and the land where Christ used to live. They were called crusades because each soldier had on his clothes a cross. There were seven of these religious wars carried on by men, but the one we will speak of to-day was an army of thirty thousand boys.

More than six hundred and fifty years ago, Stephen, a shepherd boy in the kingdom of France, thought that Christ appeared to him in a vision. Our Saviour seemed in great sorrow to think that Jerusalem should be in the possession of the unbelievers. He promised that, if Stephen would rouse the children to go to the Holy

Land, he would give them a glorious victory. Whether Stephen dreamed all this or not, he surely believed it. He went to the city of Paris, and in the squares and at the corners of the streets he told his story to hundreds of children. Thirty thousand children, some with rich and some with poor homes, volunteered to go. Many ran away to join this army, and some that were not allowed to go sickened and died, so great was the longing.

These children did not know where the Holy Land was, but they started from Paris southward, and bravely tramped over hill and valley until from the top of a hill they saw the beautiful city of Marseilles. They raised a great shout, for they thought that it was Jerusalem. They were greatly disappointed to learn that, after all the hard marching, they were not yet out of France, and that the sea, many hundreds of miles long, had to be passed over. Many turned back discouraged, for no miracle came to open to them a path through the sea, like the children of Israel. At last some wicked men, pretending to help them, furnished ships to take them to the Holy Land. Many had died or returned, so that only five thousand got on board the ships. What manly boys they were!

For eighteen years nothing was heard of them, while parents and friends were sad and filled with fear. At last it was found out that the wicked men, instead of taking them to the Holy Land, took the ships across to Africa, and sold the boys as slaves to their enemies. Some of these ships were wrecked on the island of San

Pietro, and the children were drowned—a far better fate than befell the rest. The saddest of all was the news that came of eight of these children, who had been carried as far east as Bagdad, a city many hundreds of miles farther than Jerusalem. They were asked to deny Christ, but the brave little heroes, although they had endured so much, and knew that to refuse would bring great suffering and death, refused to deny the Saviour. They were first tortured and then put to death.

No history of men shows greater bravery, endurance, and courage than this Children's Crusade. I wish that all you boys and girls would be as brave, and endure hardness like these, fighting against sin. Christ comes to you more than he did to Stephen, and wants you for his soldiers. The world belongs to him as much as Jerusalem did. It is full of human hearts. He wants you to conquer it for him with goodness and love. Will you join this crusade?

SERMON LXXXIII.

FIRST-FRUITS TO BE THE LORD'S.

"The first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God."—EXOD. xxiii, 19.

CHILDREN, what a strange thing it must seem to the angels to look down on a stingy Christian! God is giving him every thing that he has, and wants him to

be like his Master, so that he may be happy, and that he may help to convert the world. I have known stingy men who seemed to be afraid to seek the Lord lest their nature would be changed and they would want to give.

In the Old Testament God's people were required to give to him the first of every thing. I do not think this law has been repealed in its spirit, whatever we may think of the letter. Some people are willing that God should have a little of what is left after providing for themselves. They sometimes talk of charity beginning at home; but is not God a part of the household? Even good Christian men do not always think of this.

A good Christian man was going to die, and requested another to write out his will. The dying man said,

"I want my four children to have five thousand dollars each, and the rest I bequeath to my dear wife."

"You have forgotten one of the family," said his friend.

"Who else is there?" asked the man.

"Is not God one of the family, and has he not told us to bring to him our first-fruits?"

"O, blessed Lord, I had almost forgotten you! All I have came from thee," said the sick man.

In that Christian man's will the Lord shared with the children.

A little Christian girl on Long Island asked her father to plant for her a little strawberry bed. It was

beautifully done, and when, the next spring, the plants began to show the clusters of fruit slowly ripening, the bed was most delightful to look at; the berries were so large, and so many of them. The first berries she promised to the Lord, and some one asked her,

“How are you going to give to the Lord? You cannot see him. And, besides, any berries will do. You need not give the first; you can wait awhile.”

But the little one felt God had been so good to give this to her, and she said:

“I am not going to give my poorest berries to the Lord, and if I give him the first best he will think more of me than if I left him to the last and gave him the poorest.”

Early one morning she was seen gathering her first basket, rich, large, glorious fruit—her present to the Lord.

“Where are you going? How are you going to give to the Lord?” said one and another.

The little one said,

“There is a poor little family down in the village who have got no strawberries, and I know God loves them, and he tells me that ‘if we give to the poor we lend unto the Lord,’ and so I’m going to give some to them for God to take.”

When the little basket was received the poor family thanked God for his goodness, for they believed that he sent them.

Children, it will do you a great deal of good to give the best to the Lord. You will feel very happy in the

work and grow more like God and heaven; you will also lead others to Christ. There is nothing affects the world more than when they see God's people giving.

SERMON LXXXIV.

GOD SEES YOU.

"Thou God seest me."—GEN. xvi, 13.

CHILDREN do not like to be alone unless they are not doing wrong. Did you ever think, children, that God is with you all the time, and sees all you do and knows all you think? I am sure that if you thought of this you would be afraid to be wicked when God is looking on.

A minister dropped into a company of men who were swearing; but all at once the oaths stopped. Suppose they had seen God looking at them; don't you think they would have stopped taking his name in vain?

God is looking at us all the time. Is that true? Whatever we are doing or thinking, whether it is so that others can see it or whether we are hiding it from them, God is looking on, and his eye sees us. Suppose we saw that eye just before us all the time, and if we looked behind us it was there also, how would we feel?

A man went to steal corn. He took his little boy with him. Before he entered the field he looked around him to see if there was any one near; and, thinking that no one saw him, was about to fill a bag, when the boy

cried, "You forgot to look up." At once his mind felt that God was looking on, and he could not steal in his presence.

A boy in Denmark, who became a great writer, was gleaning in the field of a cruel man. He saw the man coming with a whip, but was unable to get away from him. After running some way he stopped and turned round and looked the man in the face, saying, "How dare you strike me when God can see you?" The anger of the man was subdued, and instead of striking him he gently stroked his cheek.

The thought that God sees us is often a great comfort. When we are doing our best and sometimes fail, it is a sweet thought that God sees it all and will give us credit. When others do not understand us nor see the good that is in us, but which is not brought out, it is a great pleasure to know that God understands us. When we are all alone, or when we feel lonely in this selfish world, then to think that God is right there, to keep us company and help us, is a great comfort.

A little girl, being asked who was with her one afternoon when her mother was away, answered, "Nobody but God." She did not feel alone, for God was there.

Children, remember that God sees us all the time, and sees the good and the bad that we do or think.

SERMON LXXXV.**RELIGION'S PLEASANT WAYS.**

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."—PROV. iii, 17.

How strange that any one should think that religion makes us unhappy. Somehow all the false religions in the world want to make men unhappy here, so that they may be happy in heaven. Romanists think that if they afflict themselves God will give them credit for it, and that it will help them to heaven. Some Christians talk about religion as they do not about any thing else, so that children get the idea that it is a dull, dreary thing—that they will have to give up play and check their young life, and do nothing but think of God and of dying. That is not religion, children. Religion is the happiest thing in the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Not long ago I lived near the beautiful Seneca lake. One road always delighted me. There were beautiful shade trees, fine farms, and the sparkling lake. So religion's way has beautiful views of God's love and man's love, and kind feelings and sweet peace. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was a hard way, with rocks and robbers' caves and broken bridges. That is just like the way of the transgressor.

Religion's way is a safe way. God has promised to walk with us and to keep us from harm. All through his word we find these promises. When you

are traveling with father you are not afraid. You know that he will talk with you, and that if any one wanted to hurt you he would help you. So when you walk in the way of religion God will take even better care of you and say kinder things to you than your father. The good things that we have on the way make it pleasant. We have all the good things of earth and heaven. The whole world belongs to our Father in heaven.

It is not true, children, that the world belongs to the devil. It belongs to God, although sin has spoiled some of the people in it.

“We’re marching through Immanuel’s ground
To fairer worlds on high.”

Our Father in heaven has given us the promise of the good things of this life as well as of the life to come. He cares for our bodies by giving us food, and our souls are feasted every day on spiritual food.

The work we do on the way makes it pleasant. A little boy said to his mother, “I tried to make little sister happy; she would not be happy, but I was happy trying.” You know, children, that you are always happy when you do good to others.

A little girl who was asked the meaning of happiness answered, “It is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister.”

As we walk in the way of religion it is pleasant to think of what is at its end. At the end of the way we will meet the shining ones, who will take us to heaven.

There we shall see again many whom we loved and many whom we now love, to be with them happy for evermore.

“God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring
The fair, pure buds it is thine to bring.”

SERMON LXXXVI.

CHILD HEROES.

“For whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.”—PHIL. iii, 8.

You can tell a good deal about a child by seeing it suffer. Some children cry at the least thing, and give up as soon as a little suffering comes; others suffer like heroes.

A little boy once had to have his finger taken off. When the doctor began to get ready to take it off the boy's lip quivered. “Bear it like a man,” said his mother. His lip stiffened, and he bore it without a cry.

Many children have suffered because they were Christians. Their young hearts were full of love for Christ because he had loved them and died for them. Hundreds of years ago wicked men tried to destroy the Christians and among the martyrs were many children, who showed how they could die for Christ.

A frail girl was charged with being a Christian. Her answer was,

“Christ redeemed me and I belong to him.”

She was whipped with a cruel scourge, but she rejoiced. Her sides were torn with hooks, but she still answered,

“I am a Christian.”

Her face and body were burned with red-hot irons until the flesh quivered with anguish, but she said,

“I will not deny him.”

She knew that her body would be hung up to be devoured by birds; but with all this before her she only said,

“Lord Jesus, perfect thy work, and take me to thyself.”

Was she not a noble little Christian? Girls, are you willing to suffer for Him who died for you?

Felix and Victoria, sixteen hundred years ago, were charged with being Christians. The boy boldly said,

“I am a Christian.”

The persecutor, trying to frighten him, said,

“I will cut off your nose and your ears.”

But he still answered,

“I am a Christian.”

Then he was taken to prison, and every day food was offered to him if he would curse Christ; but he refused. The terrible pains of hunger were felt, and there was food and liberty if he would only curse the Saviour; but the little hero died of starvation. How many of these boys would so suffer for Christ?

Three other boys were martyred at Edessa. The oldest, Theogonis, was hung by the wrists and ankles, his body gashed and torn with sharp irons; but he was firm and true to Christ. Agapius, a little boy of great beauty, was another martyr. With the shrill voice of a child, he cried,

“King Christ, I will not deny thee. I will be brave as my brother was.”

They peeled the skin from his head down to his breast, and so he died, talking about Christ.

The youngest, when asked what his name was, answered,

“My mother calls me Pistus (faithful), and says I must be faithful, like my name.”

In mercy his head was struck off.

These boys were Christian heroes. They have left a record for us. We do not now suffer these things; but when the world sneers at us, or neglects us, because we are Christians, let us think of the children martyrs, and suffer it all for Christ.

SERMON LXXXVII.

CHRISTIANS ARE LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN.

“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”—MATT. xviii, 3.

WHAT is it to become as little children? It does not mean to become like sinful children, for they need to be converted. It does not mean to know just what a

little child knows; for the angels in heaven know a great deal. It does not mean to have little hands or a body like little children; for God wants these to grow, and every day he is making them grow larger. It just means to trust and believe our Father in heaven just as the little child trusts and believes its mother, and to be pure and good as the little child is. Whenever a boy or girl becomes bad he or she acts just like bad men and needs to become a child again; the Bible calls it being born again. To make this plain I will tell you a parable.

A great king built a beautiful city and invited every body to come into it. It was a place where they could all live with him and be very happy; so a great many sought to enter in. There was only one gate, and that was low and narrow, but large enough, so that if any one came without any thing there was no trouble about getting in. One man came carrying a great load of money, but could not get through the gate with it. A farmer came and wanted to take in his trotting horse and some of his best stock. He could not get them in. Another man wanted to take in a barrel of beer, but both of them could not get in, and so he turned to the left and went through a wide gate that led into the City of Destruction. A woman came very stylishly dressed. It was very evident that she wanted the people to look at her. She could not go through the gate, for the feathers were too high in her bonnet, and her fine clothes seemed to so swell up with what is called "vanity"—a thing which is very light for its size—that

she could not crowd through. Another was loaded with selfishness, and another was swollen up with anger.

All these people were told that they could not take these things into the beautiful city. Some of them were angry, and went away loving what they had more than before. Some said the city was not worth going into, and turned into the wide gate. But others were wiser. They saw that some children tried to go in and always succeeded. These children were humble, and did not have much of the world with them. So these wiser people cast away their hindrances and got down, humble, like the children, and so got in through the gate.

This beautiful city is the kingdom of God. When old or young seek it they must be humble and trusting, like little children; they must leave all their sins and vanities behind, and then there will be no difficulty in getting through the gate.

SERMON LXXXVIII.

A STRANGE EPITAPH.

“Thirty and two years old was he when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem eight years, and departed without being desired: howbeit they buried him in the city of David, but not in the sepulchres of the kings.”—2 CHRON. **xxi**, 20.

CHILDREN, do you know what an epitaph is? If you will go into our cemetery you will see cut out on the tombstones some things about the persons who are buried there. These are epitaphs.

A little girl, passing through a cemetery with her mother, read the epitaphs. After reading a great many, all of which said good things about those who were buried there, she looked up in her mother's face, saying, "Ma, where do they bury the bad folks?"

After people die we do not want to mention their bad deeds. We cover them with the mantle of charity. This is especially true of our friends, whom we knew better than the world knew them, and in whom we saw many good things that the world did not see.

In our text we have the epitaph of a very bad king. He killed all his brothers and tried to force the people to become wicked. Every body was glad when he died. He had a wife, and a son who became king; but neither of these cared for him, and would not bury him where the other kings were buried. "He departed without being desired."

Children, you would not like an epitaph like that. When a man or boy or girl is of no use to any body, that is their epitaph.

There was a great man in France, almost a hundred years ago, called Robespierre. He believed that the best way to govern the nation was to kill those who did not agree with him. After a great many were beheaded by the guillotine it was ordered that fifteen in the city of Paris should be guillotined every day. Soon it rose to thirty, and then gradually to eighty. Had Robespierre lived, arrangements had been made to increase to one hundred and fifty to be killed every day. It was called the Reign of Terror, for all the people

were afraid of even their nearest friends and best neighbors. When at last the nation rose against Robespierre, and executed him where, by his order, so many had died, every body was glad; just as all were glad when the king in our text died.

Children, if we live to bless others and be of use in the world, we will not have the epitaph of our text; but people will be sorry when we die. And God will also be pleased with our life, and say to us on the other side of death, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

SERMON LXXXIX.

LESSONS FROM THE ANT.

"Go to the ant, . . . consider her ways, and be wise."—PROV. vi, 6.

CHILDREN, can such a little thing as the ant teach us any thing? Were I to talk to you half of a day I could not tell you all that the ant teaches us, or about the many kinds and their various ways. There are red ants, black ants, yellow ants in South America, and white ants in Africa. There are ants with dairy farms, and ants with grain farms, and foraging ants, and soldier ants, and building ants.

The Bible says that "The ants are a people not strong." But what workers they are! They are at it all the summer and autumn, helping one another, feed-

ing their young, each doing his full part for the general good.

There are three things in the way of the ant that we ought to consider. The first is *Foresight*. There is a fable that an ant was sipping some of the sweet in the late autumn, when a grasshopper, trembling in the cold, asked for a part of it.

"Where were you all summer?" asked the ant.

"I was singing and enjoying myself," answered the grasshopper.

"Well, you can dance now," returned the ant, as she turned away.

The second lesson to consider is *Industry*. The ants work every day that they can work. They climb the trees and make the green fly give out its sweet just as we milk cows. Some of them build roads and houses and make unburned brick. Others are carpenters, and work in wood, and make rooms that run up to each other; but they never bore into each others' rooms. If every body were as industrious as the ants the world would be better.

In a workhouse in Hamburg, Germany, if any of the men were lazy, they were hung up in a basket over the table, but were not allowed to eat that meal.

Children, how would you like that? That is the way God wants to do with the lazy people; for in the Bible he says, "If any would not work, neither should he eat."

The third thing we should consider in the ant is

Economy. There is nothing wasted, but it is all taken care of. There are ants in the State of Texas who are called the farmer ants. Their hills are not very high, but all around the hill they clean and smooth the ground. Nothing is allowed to grow within three feet but a certain kind of grass. The ants weed out every thing else, and this grass is tended with great care. Under their care it grows and bears a crop of small seed, which, seen through the magnifying glass, looks like rice. When ripe they harvest it, cutting it by gnawing it with their teeth. They carry it into their cells, where it is cleaned of chaff and packed away. If it gets moist in damp weather it is taken out and dried; the sound is carried back, while the sprouted is thrown away, but nothing is wasted.

I trust that every boy and girl will learn these lessons that the ant teaches. It is for this purpose that God tells us to consider her ways. He wants us to be wise and to grow up noble men and women, full of all good activities.

SERMON XC.

LOST IN A CREVASSE.

“I will seek that which was lost.”—EZEK. xxxiv, 16.

CHILDREN, it is a sad thing to be lost, no matter what it means, but it would be much sadder if the lost were never found.

There were two Englishmen who wanted to explore great ice-fields that are found high up among the peaks of the mountains called the Alps. These ice-fields are called glaciers. These two men took with them two guides, to guide them in the way. In the most dangerous places they tie themselves to each other by a rope, so that if one should slip the others would hold him. As they had not come to the slippery part the rope was coiled around one of the Englishmen. They came to a great crack in the ice, called a crevasse. They saw a bridge over it covered with snow ; but as they passed over it, it broke down, and this Englishman fell down into the crevasse, many feet. "Ah! he is lost," said one guide. "He is dead!" said the other. They stripped off coat, vest, suspenders, tore them up and made a rope of them, and with it they let one of the guides down. The man was breathing, so, uncoiling the rope that was around him, he was raised up by it, and, after much effort, he that was lost was saved.

Children, there are a great many crevasses in life that boys and girls fall into. I have seen girls, beginning to go into society, who forgot to take with them the God that they loved in their childhood. They slip into the crevasse of the whirl of life, so that they think of nothing but young company, dress, and parties. Some of them are lost in this crevasse, and never found.

I remember a boy who fell into a crevasse. I remember just when he began to slip, and I tried to save him, but could not. Just over the crevasse were

the words, "Liquors, lager beer, cigars." That is a sad crevasse for boys to fall into. Most of those who fall into it are never found. There are many other dangerous crevasses in life which, if we follow the Bible as a guide, we will never get lost in.

But the lost may be found, for Jesus came to seek and save the lost. He died for us, and he has been seeking and saving ever since the crevasse of sin was opened. He wants us to help him to seek that which is lost. Our text says, "I will seek that which was lost." Will you do this, children? What a good work, to seek the lost!

Mr. Moody said to a business man one day,

"There is a man just out of the penitentiary. He is very much discouraged because nobody wants him. I wish you would take an interest in him."

Mr. Moody brought him in. The man shook hands with him, told him he was glad to see him, and said,

"Come, go home and take dinner with me."

The tears started in the poor man's eyes. He did not think this good man would invite him to his house, as he had been in the penitentiary. When he got home the man introduced him to his little child, only three years old, and said,

"Emma, this is papa's friend; I wish you would kiss him."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then the little girl went out. The man looked up with tears streaming down his face, and said,

“My heart is broken ; that is the first kiss I have had since my mother died.”

That little girl, with that loving kiss, was helping Jesus to save a lost man who had fallen into the crevasse of crime. You can do something like that. “Kind words never die,” and if you are good and kind to the bad it may save them.

SERMON XCI.

OUR SINS LAID ON CHRIST.

“The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.”—ISA. liii, 6.

You know, children, that when you first went to school you were put into the primary class. Hundreds of years ago the people in this great world were just like children at school. They could not understand about God and the soul and heaven, so God began with simple things—kind of pictures or tableaux, just as your teacher did with you. When you get home to-day read the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus, and then you will better understand what I am about to say. In that chapter two of these word-pictures are found. Aaron the priest takes two goats ; both of them are figures of Christ. In the first picture one of the goats is killed by the high priest and offered upon the altar for the sins of the people, showing them how Christ was to be offered for them. In the book of Hebrews it is said, “But Christ being come a high

priest of good things to come . . . neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

But while this goat was a picture of Christ's death for us, unless it was made alive again it was not a full picture of the Gospel ; so, in the second picture, the high priest takes the other goat, and putting his hand on his head, confesses over him, and lays on him all the sins of the people. The goat was then led out into the uninhabited wilderness and there let loose, and nothing further was heard of it. This was a picture of what is said about Christ in our text. As the high priest laid the sins of the people on the goat, and he carried them away into the wilderness, where they never were seen again, so our text says that God has laid upon Christ the iniquities of us all.

Look at the two pictures. The first goat died and bore sin's punishment ; then the second goat carried it away into a land of forgetfulness.

I think I hear a child ask, as the goat is led past the tent door :

"Mother, is that my sin?"

"Yes, my child."

"And where is my sin going?"

"Away out of sight."

"And will it never come back?"

"Never, child."

"And who put it on the goat?"

"The high priest, by God's order."

Thus Jesus bears our sins away into a land of forgetfulness, never to come against us again. "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

"The Lord in the day of his pity did lay
Our sins on his Son, and he bore them away."

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear hand of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

Jesus is both goats in one. He dies and makes an atonement for sin. He goes without the camp and takes our sins where they will never be found.

SERMON XCII.

HOPE.

"And rejoice in hope of the glory of God."—ROM. v, 2.

I HAVE often preached about faith to you, children. As you know, faith is believing a thing not seen. Faith in God is "taking him at his word, and asking no questions," said a little girl.

In what way does hope differ from faith? Hope is in believing that a thing will come, and wanting it to come.

A little boy once wished that he had a room full of money. Was that hope? No. For he did not believe it would come, although he wanted it to come.

A young man committed a robbery and expected to be sent to prison. Was that hope? No. He believed that a thing would come, but he did not want it to come.

A little girl was waiting for her father to come home. He always brought with him something for her that she liked. Her mother asked,

“Ella, why do you go so often to the door?”

She answered,

“Pa is coming, and I hope he will have something for me.”

That was hope.

The hope of our text is the expectation and desire of going to heaven. It is the “Hope of the glory of God.” There we shall see his glory and live with the angels, and have everything that is good, and be happy forever.

Every body wants to go to heaven, for we all want to be happy; but that is not hope, for it needs that we expect to go to heaven. But we cannot expect to go to heaven in our sins, for nothing sinful is allowed to enter there.

Just before this verse the apostle Paul tells us how our sins may be forgiven and all taken away. He tells us of the great love of Jesus in dying for us. He tells us that when we take God at his word, and rest our souls in this work of Christ, our sins are forgiven and we have peace with God. We are not afraid of him. Then, feeling that our sins are forgiven for Jesus’s sake, we expect and desire heaven, and so rejoice in the hope of it.

Hope is often represented by an anchor. You have seen pictures of anchors, and small anchors of flowers. The great ships at sea have very large anchors, fastened to great chains. If they are near the rocks in a storm, and the wind is driving the ship on shore, they let go the anchor. The great anchor plunges into the water, the chains rattle out until it catches on the bottom and holds the ship. So this hope—this expectation of heaven—is the anchor of our souls, and keeps us, amid the storms and troubles of life, from shipwreck.

SERMON XCIII.

OUR HOPE.

“Fear not; I will help thee.”—ISA. xli, 13.

CHILDREN, what would we do if there were nobody to help us in life? Ever since you were born you needed help. Mother took care of you when you were not able to take care of yourself. She dressed you, and cooked for you, and watched that no bad thing happened to you. Father provided for you, and, most every body around you was helping you. We all need help from each other.

In the text a promise to help is given. But before we trust this kind of promise we must know: 1. That the promiser is able to do what he promises. 2. That we can trust him when he promises us.

A great many friends want to help us, but are not able. A father brought home to his little girl a nice music box. By winding it up like a clock it would play three different tunes. Baby got hold of it one day, and after that it would not play at all.

"Papa, wont you fix it?" were the girl's pleading words to her father.

But he was not able to help her; it had to be taken to a man who understood it.

The one in the text who promises to help us is God. He is able to do it. He understands us and every thing around us. We need his help most to free us from sin and keep us from sin; for we are so weak that we are not able to do that ourselves. God has promised to do that, and has sent his Son Jesus Christ for that purpose. The Bible tells us that Jesus "Is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

There are some people who promise to help us, but fail when we need it. We are afraid to trust such people. Their promises are a delusion and a snare. Almost all promises of the world are of this kind. But the promise of help in the text is made by him who is as willing as he is able to help. Thousands have trusted his promise, and among them all not one has ever said, "The Lord did not help me."

Is it not a comforting truth that God has promised to help us? The great God who made us pities us in all our troubles and seeks to help us. He will help if we only let him—if we ask for his help, and do our

part he will be with us all the time; so that when we need his help we do not have to go up into heaven to bring him down. All that we need to do is to cry to him for help, and at once he answers, "Fear not; I will help thee."

SERMON XCIV.

LESSONS FROM THE BIRDS.

"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."—PROV. 1, 17.

CHILDREN all love the birds. The world is much happier because they are in it. How lively and gay they are! They fill the park and trees with melody. The most of them are great helpers of us. They eat the seeds of weeds and destroy millions of harmful insects. We could not live well without their help. How beautiful their dresses! far more beautiful than our finest clothes; so beautiful that some envy them their bright feathers, and have them cruelly killed that they may wear them on their bonnets.

The little birds have many enemies; among them are boys and girls, men and women. Millions are caught with nets every year. That is the reason why birds are so shy. They are afraid of us. When the net is spread for them men have to cover it up and deceive them. The Bible says that if the net is spread in their sight they will keep out of it.

In this the bird teaches us a lesson of watchfulness.

This world is full of nets to catch our souls in. Some of them are put plainly before us—spread in our sight; notwithstanding this, boys and girls are getting into these nets all the time.

Bad company is one of these nets. We see the net spread for us; for no one can help seeing that bad company makes us bad. If the birds saw the net as plainly as we see the evil effect of bad company they would not get into it. Bad company is like putting a pound of sugar into a barrel of vinegar; the sugar loses its sweetness and the vinegar gets sourer.

A farmer was troubled with crows pulling up his corn. He loaded his gun, and, hiding himself in a corner of the woods, fired at them. Running to see what effect his shot had he found one dead crow and a favorite parrot of his own with one wing broken. Taking the parrot to the house, one of the children asked, "Who hurt Polly?" To which the farmer answered, "Bad company." And Polly, suffering pain, without knowing what it meant repeated the words, "Bad company! bad company!!"

Children, learn a lesson from the birds, and don't get into the net of bad company. If you do, it will poison your whole life and spread from you to others. The tree-toad is of the same color as whatever it is on, and when it changes its place soon takes on a new color. So, like the tree-toad, you will take on the color of your surroundings, and be like the company you keep. The Bible speaks to you, saying, "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

SERMON XCV.**LESSONS FROM THE SUN.**

“Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.”—PSA. lxxiv, 16.

CHILDREN love to hear of great things. Of the sea, whose waters stretch away farther than we can see; of the mountains, which rise so high above us that every thing appears small compared with them. The sun is larger than any of these. Men used to think that he was no larger than a summer hat, and some boys and girls may think so now. The reason he seems so small is that he is so far off that if you traveled toward him for ten hours every day, and fifty miles every hour, it would take you five hundred years to reach there. He is one million two hundred and sixty thousand times the size of this world, so that if you counted seven every minute, and kept counting ten hours every day, it would take you three hundred days—about all the working days in the year—to count enough of worlds to make one sun.

The greatness of the sun should make us humble before God. Far greater than the sun is he who made it and who bids it shine. David felt this when he said, “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him?”

The sun is all the time giving, and almost all the good earthly things come from him. Men used to worship the sun, because all their good things came from

him. They did not think the sun could not do this unless God gave him power; but we know that, and so thank God for these.

This summer the sun gave us every thing we have to eat; he gave us warmth and birds and flowers, and grass for the cattle, and all the beauty and joy of the summer. Now he has gone nearer to the southern part of the world, that he may give the people who live there all the blessings that he so freely gave to us.

Do we give as freely as the sun? Do we shine in upon dark hearts with the light and love of the Bible as the sun shines on us? When he comes in the morning the dark night flies away. So we may cheer sad hearts. In the Bible God bids us let our light shine, just as he bids the sun shine. Let us sing, "Jesus bids us shine."

SERMON XCVI.

COMETS.

PREACHED OCTOBER, 1882.

"Wandering stars."—JUDE, 13.

CHILDREN, have you seen the comet? Children sleep so soundly that not many of you have been up in the night to look at this great wonder. It looks larger than a great many stars. It has a great fan-like tail of light streaming after it.

This comet is a great deal larger than the world, but

is a great deal lighter. It is so light that we can see small stars through it; and being so large this shows that it has less substance than the lightest fog. Some years ago people were afraid that a comet would strike and destroy the earth. We now know that it has so little substance we would not know if it did strike us. We would feel it less than we feel the gentlest breeze.

Some boys and girls are very much like comets.

1. There is not much substance to them. They look large, and make some pretension; but it is mostly show and "make-believe." Such boys and girls never do well in life. A boy or girl with a solid head and a kind heart, not filled with vanity and light, silly reading, will in the end get far ahead.

2. Comets grow brighter as they get near the sun for all their light comes from him. This comet that is now seen every night has grown much brighter since I saw it first. While the sun is drawing it nearer and nearer it is also making it more beautiful. In the same way we grow brighter and more beautiful as we get nearer to God and to heaven.

An old colored man, who was asked how he knew that he was going to heaven, answered,

"Massa, can't 'splain that; but the nearer I get the more I feel like heaven."

May you, children, grow brighter and more like heaven all your life, and then, when you get to the gate, no questions will be asked, but it will open to receive you.

3. Comets are wandering stars. They go away off—

farther and farther from the sun—into the darkness. Some of them never come back, and those that do return may be changed in their course, drawn out of their path by other bodies. As they go away they get less light and feel less the influence of the sun.

This is true of men when they go away from God and the Bible; they become worse and worse—wandering from one thing to another with less of God's light to help them. The text calls them "Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

I trust that none of these children will be wandering stars.

SERMON XCVII.

HOLDING FAST ; OR, PERSEVERANCE.

"But that which ye have already hold fast . . . He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations."—REV. ii, 25, 26.

ALMOST every body wants to succeed in life. Some want to be great and noble, admired and respected by others. Some want to be rich and powerful through their wealth. Some want to be learned, and filled with knowledge. But all these do not succeed, because all do not persevere. If the farmer could become rich by working fifteen hours a day for one year most of them would be rich. But it requires a great many years, saving a little at a time. It needs perseverance. So if all of us could become great by some single great effort,

most of us would become so. Greatness seldom comes suddenly, and then it does not often stay. We grow great by keeping at it and never giving it up; and that we call perseverance.

After a great snow-storm a little boy was shoveling snow with a very small shovel.

"How do you expect to get through that snow-drift?" said a passer-by.

"By keeping at it," was the cheerful answer.

A boy was studying a lesson that only required time. He began with great earnestness, and for some time was all absorbed. But a bright butterfly passed along; the book was closed, and a chase began after the butterfly. After that something else attracted his attention, till at last the time passed and the lesson was not learned.

That is just the way with many persons in life. They begin with good intentions and are sure of success; but they do not hold out. Some bright thing, like the butterfly, turns them from their purpose, and they fail.

A missionary, preaching to some Indians who were trying to live Christian lives, impressed on them the great truth, that only they who persevered unto the end would be saved. Next morning one of the Indians told the missionary that he had made some poetry which he repeated as follows:

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on;
Go on, go on, go on."

That is just the way to succeed in life, and just the way, when you get into the road to heaven, to get there.

Some of you have read of how King Robert Bruce was taught to persevere. He had become greatly discouraged, and was about giving up the idea of freeing Scotland from the English. The very next day he would have sailed away to return no more. He, with some of his men, had taken refuge in a barn. As he sat thinking he saw a spider trying to fasten his web on a beam. Twelve times it tried, but did not give up, and at the thirteenth time succeeded. King Robert said to his followers, "We have been beaten twelve times. Let us learn a lesson from the spider, and try again." He did try and succeeded, and kept trying till he drove the enemy out of his country.

"If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again.

Let your courage well appear;

If you only persevere

You will conquer, never fear,

Try, try again.

"Let the thing be ne'er so hard,

Try, Try again,

Time will surely bring reward,

Try, Try again.

That which other folks can do,

Why with patience may not you?

You will conquer if you do,

Try, try again."

SERMON XCVIII**ALL THINGS UNDER US.**

"Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen."—PSA viii, 6-8.

CHILDREN, the last thing God made, when he made the world, was man. God had made the sea, but man was to rule the sea and all that was in it. Dominion means to rule over and have things obey us. Man rules over the sea now; for every day he makes great ships and steamboats go over it. He makes the winds, that make the waves and all the fury of the ocean, serve him. Even when they blow straight against him, by his contrivance they help him to sail the other way.

He has dominion over the fish of the sea, and every day thousands of them are caught to give him food. The great whales are a hundred times larger than he is, but he rules over them.

God made the great animals far larger than man—the oxen and the horses—but man rules over these, and makes them help him. God made the great mountains that are so strong and stable, but man rules the mountains; climbing their sides, digging out of them coal, iron, and stone.

Boys and girls like to conquer things and have dominion over them. A little girl conquers the cat and rules over it; and the boy harnesses the dog and makes it obey. What a pleasure it is when we can conquer

things! Some of these boys drive the horse. You remember the first time your father allowed you to hold the lines. What a feeling of power and dominion you had over the great horse! You thought it was ever so much better than to rule the dog.

God gave us dominion because he loved us and knew that it would help us. It brings us great good and comfort. God is better than the best of fathers, and wants us to have all the good things that are best for us.

He gave us dominion because we were fitted to rule. We have a mind to study what is for the best, and the sense of right and wrong, so that we may be kind and merciful to the animals. So farmers build stables and care for their cattle.

God gives us dominion because he made us greater than all these.

A man was traveling in Switzerland among the great mountains called the Alps. Looking up at one of them, he said:

“What am I beside this? What is my age beside the thousands of years that this mountain has existed? But this mountain never felt nor thought of any thing. This mountain will not last forever. I shall live when this is no more.”

God wants us to rule over our own spirit by his word. He will help us to overcome not only the world, with its temptations, but all the bad that is in ourselves. He has promised, if we overcome, to make us all kings, and we shall reign and rule with him.

SERMON XCIX.

BOOKS.

“Of making many books there is no end.”—ECCLES. xii, 12.

WHAT a world of books we have! Do you think you could count them? There are books about every thing—history, science, travels, farming, stories, etc. There are books that are sense and books that are nonsense, books that are bad and books that are good, and some books in which these are mixed. I don’t know but these are the worst of the whole.

Children, what do you read? Tell me what a boy or girl reads, and I will read their fortune to them; for books are making us and shaping our future life.

Books are the thoughts of others. For hundreds of years men have been thinking about things and writing their thoughts in books. Other men have read the books, and that has helped them to think more, until the world is full of the thoughts of people printed in books. If we read a book carefully we think over the thoughts of others, so that these thoughts become our thoughts, and our thoughts make our lives.

You see how important books are. Now, what do you read?

“O, I read stories,” said a boy in answer to the question.

“Is that all?” I asked.

That boy will never be a great or noble man. The stories begin with the Sunday-school books and often

end with the dime novel. The mind becomes more and more poisoned, and we don't want to read any thing else. We take in the spirit of the novel and build our life upon it. Girls that read nothing but stories are all the time building airy castles. The sober duties of life become distasteful, and life itself becomes very much a failure.

I do not mean that you are never to read a story, for many of these will do you good. But use them as you do the dessert at dinner, which is partaken of after the more substantial food. In the same way read good books—books on religion, books of devotion, books of travel and description, history and science, poetry and the lives of people, and then a good story can be added.

Above all, read and study the Bible. It is God's book to you, given that it might be a guide to shape your lives. It reveals all God's goodness and mercy. It shows us ourselves that it may show us Christ!

SERMON C.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

"Then cometh the end."—1 COR. xv, 24.

CHILDREN, our text does not mean that I will never preach to children again, although this may be the end of this series of sermons. Every thing in this world comes to an end, and some day the world itself will

come to an end. I do not think that will take place while we live, and the time of its destruction may, like that of Nineveh, depend upon the people who live in it.

But the end of the world will come, and the dead will be all raised up to appear before God, to answer for all that they did while they lived here.

The end of the world will have great wonders.

First Wonder.—A great trumpet will be sounded, and all the dead, both small and great, will hear the voice of the Lord and rise from the dead. Fathers and mothers and children will be there; those who loved each other and those who hated each other.

Second Wonder.—All the secret things will be told. We can hide many of them now. Men cover up their sins, and boys and girls cover up their sins, so that nobody knows them but God. Seldom do they feel that even he knows them. At the *end* every secret thing will be made known.

Third Wonder.—There will be many surprises. We shall see some with shining faces that we thought would be cast out, and some in despair that we expected to find rejoicing. All hypocrisy will be done away with.

Fourth Wonder.—The earth will be burned up. All the beautiful houses and fine churches, the trees and fences, the beasts and birds, will be consumed. The air we breathe will all become fire and roll away with a great noise. When you get older you will learn how this may be done; for the air is so made that all that is necessary to make it burn is to separate its parts. This

is also true of water; so all the lakes and rivers will turn into fire. The hissing flames, the burning hills, the roaring seas of fire will be grand and awful sights, filling our hearts with reverence and awe. Let us look at it in our thoughts—the great trumpet, the rising dead, the books of God's judgment, and the burning world.

“Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.”
1 Pet. iii, 11–14.

Dear children: while the world will come to an end, we will survive it and live on. The life we now live is all the time making the life that is to come. If we live without God now, we will be without him in that life. May God bless and help you to live cheerful, Christian lives, full of the sunshine of Jesus's great love, and strong by his grace to battle for the right. If you do this, the end will be happy, and every one of you will be crowned a king; for Jesus will say to you, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

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